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THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE STRAND, WEST OF SOMERSET HOUSE.
A DRAWING BY J. MUIRHEAD BONE.

THE LATE JOHN FRANCIS BENTLEY. A RETROSPECT BY CHARLES HADFIELD.

NOTE.—These personal recollections will be followed in later numbers of *THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW* by a fully illustrated account of the deceased architect's work.

It was in July, 1862, at Ushaw College, Durham, that I first met John Francis Bentley, and from that now far-off period dated a friendship, fostered as the years went on by an ever-growing admiration for the man, and his loveable and artistic nature. At his earnest wish, I went to London early in 1863. He had then recently commenced practise, and occupied Chambers at 14, Southampton Street, Strand, overlooking Maiden Lane, then a quaint narrow bye-street redolent of memories of Turner. During the late "Fifties"—before leaving his native Doncaster—he had been placed with the Clerk-of-Works on the re-building, after its destruction by fire in 1853, of St. George's Parish Church. He had evinced an early talent for drawing, and a fondness for discussing masonry and other work with building craftsmen. In after years he would often speak of the knowledge which he gained there in measuring up the work in progress, and setting out the masonry details from Scott's drawings. A clever model of the older church made by him from memory at this time, when he was in about his fifteenth year, was one of many indications as to the bent of his talents. Afterwards, he went to London, and for a time was in the workshops of Holland and Hannen, but finding himself impelled towards the pursuit of Architecture, he eventually entered the office of Henry Clutton, who had recently, in collaboration with William Burges gained the first premium for the new Cathedral at Lille. In the early sixties the tide of the Gothic revival was at the flood, and the times were full of stimulus for earnest students of mediæval design. Street had just completed his remarkable church of St. James-the-Less, Garden Street, Westminster, and close upon the building of All Saints, Margaret Street, followed William Butterfield's other great work, St. Alban's Church, Baldwins Gardens. Publications like Viollet-le-Duc's "*Dictionnaire*," Nesfield's "*French and Italian Sketches*," and Johnson's "*Churches of Normandy*," aroused general enthusiasm, and, needless to say, these things were topics of frequent discussion at 14, Southampton Street, where Bentley's comments and strong artistic views on all that was passing were an infinite delight to the little coterie of friends whose debates were often prolonged into the early morning hours. He was then, and through life remained, despite his broad sympathies, a firm believer in the principles and

methods of the middle ages. As a draughtsman, and especially as a colourist, he was brilliant, his designs for marble work and jewellery being tinted as deftly as those of Burges. He had drawn and studied diligently in the old Architectural Museum, Cannon Row, was an apt modeller, and I have heard him say, that in his Doncaster days, he had tried his hand with success at stone carving.

His influence on craftsmen was quite unique, and he could make them enter into his ideas with remarkable success. Accomplished draughtsman as he was, he always acted strictly up to his principle that drawing is but a means to the end, and anything verging on mere display or the making of "show" drawings, never failed to arouse his strong reprobation. For the growing system of architectural competition, he had, thus, the greatest possible repugnance, denouncing it as essentially inimical to the production of good work. He was of a retiring disposition, and by temperament independent and straightforward, and quite incapable of stooping to modern methods of pushing or self-advertisement, and thus he was less known to the general public than he deserved to be. But, as a recent writer has remarked, "his work undoubtedly attests his rank as an Artist and Constructor." To watch him at work at his drawing-table or easel was delightfully stimulating. His full-sized drawings of sculpture or mouldings were rapidly made in pencil or crayon, then "washed in" with broad masses of colour, the mouldings being afterwards profiled with quill or brush. His "manysidedness" enabled him in a real sense to be the sole arbiter of his buildings, and there was nothing in them from the foundations to the last detail of furniture which he did not regard as his own special work; his clear, painstaking delineation being in itself a source of inspiration to the craftsmen who worked with him, and explaining in a great measure the secret of his influence over them.

In 1868, Bentley moved his chambers to No. 13, John Street, Adelphi. He writes on July 28th, 1868:—"You will notice from the heading that I have left the old place in Southampton Street; wretched and inconvenient as it was, a lot of pleasant bye-gones came crowding into my mind, and I turned the door on the last piece of furniture with regret." At this period he had gone through his share of disappointments, and at times, when feeling these keenly, he would hint to his friends that he was perhaps wasting his talents, and ought even now to "turn to painting." But he was not idle: he studied hard, and designed much metal work, stained glass, heraldry, altars and church fittings, church plate and jewellery. He designed a fine brass

"eagle-lectern" for the firm of Hart and Son, in Wych Street; also some marble and stone work for Earp of Lambeth, which were exhibited in the 1862 International Exhibition. At S. Francis of Assisi's Church, Notting Hill, he designed a charming baptistery, groined in stone, also a font and a jewelled monstrance. A pulpit and altars in St. Mary's Church, Chelsea, which he rebuilt some years later, are worthy of note, and especially so, are a fine reredos and altar filling the whole of the eastern wall in S. Charles' Church, Ogle Street, Marylebone.

Early in the year of his removal, Cardinal Manning, who esteemed him highly, had given him the important commission to build S. Thomas' Ecclesiastical Seminary at Hammer-smith. This is a work endued with the best traditions of the English manner, and full of originality.

At 13, John Street, Adelphi, the remainder of his life's work was done: a list of his most important buildings has been recorded elsewhere, and need not be here repeated in detail. In 1874 he married, and increasing pre-occupations for both of us, curtailed our hitherto close and constant association. As the years crept on we came to treasure more and more, for their enforced rarity, our opportunities of meeting, and to supplement these by correspondence on matters of common interest. In 1894 came his great opportunity in the commission to build the new Cathedral at Westminster. Early in the year an alarming illness had resulted in many weeks' abstinence from work, but the task before him seemed, to the delight of all his friends, to renew his youth, and to brace him up for its accomplishment. He writes on July 19th, 1894: "Just a word to say that, to my surprise, the designing of the new Cathedral is to be entrusted to me. Some time ago I was asked if I would take part in a Competition, to which I replied emphatically, No. . . . When you were last in town I knew nothing or almost nothing of it."

Late in the autumn he set off for Italy alone, spending some weeks in Rome in attendance on His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan. Whilst there he enjoyed the special privilege of a private audience with Leo XIII. His Eminence, acting on Bentley's advice, decided to look to the Great Church of Sta. Sophia, Constantinople, for inspiration, and a careful study of the Churches of St. Mark at Venice, S. Zenone, Verona, the Churches at Ravenna and elsewhere on the Adriatic coast, in which the influence of Sta. Sophia was in evidence, was undertaken. He followed out strictly, during all this time, a daily programme of work and study which he had laid down for himself before leaving

home. He returned in March, 1895, as the following extract from a letter, dated 26th March, shows:—

"Scarcely more than a week to-day that I am back again safe and sound, and none the worse for my many journeyings. During the whole of February I had a very rough time of it while I was in the Ravenna district, a flat, low, marshy plain, then covered with snow from two to four feet deep, but a most interesting part of the country. The man who drove me to S. Apollinare in Classe called a Church of the Eleventh Century modern." Bentley's impressions of the later Italian architecture were unfavourable in the extreme, and he writes that the detail of the average work done after the middle of the Sixteenth Century "is the most thoughtless, heartless stuff I have ever seen." Of S. Peter's, Rome, he observes, "Architecturally, I think it the worst large building I have seen, excepting, perhaps, The Duomo at Florence, and I cannot conceive that any architect can sing its praises. Of course, the effect is fine, very fine, but produced at the sacrifice of scale."

On the 29th of June following, the foundation stone of the cathedral was laid, and since that date the great building has steadily grown under his watchful eye. Only those most nearly associated with him can realise what it has meant to him to go quietly round of an evening and to ponder over the progress of his work, and to note it taking shape and substance. Many pleasant recollections come to one's mind of visits paid from time to time in his company, and of his never-flagging enthusiasm and interest. He spoke constantly of the importance he attached to the constructive side of his work, of such matters as the brickwork, the concrete mixing, and above all of the large concrete domes, in regard to which he took great pride in having demonstrated that a domical surface of some 60 feet diameter could be safely covered without the aid of "concealed ironwork," which he regarded as an element of weakness and decay in such a position. In one of his last letters to me occurs the following passage apropos of Professor Lethaby's article in the January issue of *THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW*:—"Lethaby, I think, took up with the mere practical phase of the cathedral too much; but I feel that the old principle of construction is carried on, and that curse of modern construction—the use of iron—has been avoided against the consensus of opinion expressed by the engineers. This much I am proud of, for I feel that a service to building has been effected, and that I have broken the backbone of that terrible superstition that iron is necessary to large spans."

Two years ago the anxieties of his work began to tell on him, and about June, 1900, he had an illness which affected his speech, although his brain remained unimpaired to the last. His journey, in May, 1898, to the United States, where he had been commissioned to design a large cathedral at Brooklyn, New York, had proved a heavy call on his strength, and for some time past his friends have feared the worst.

On the 29th of December last, he wrote to me, not without pathos:—"The cathedral is making progress, but as you know, the finishing is always a slow procedure. At times I am tempted to wish for a long rest; for some time I feel that I have been at straining tension."

During last month came the announcement of the awarding of the Royal Gold Medal, on the recommendation of the Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects, a distinction which, as a non-member of the Institute, he greatly prized. On February 13th, he writes:—"Thanks many, for your kind congratulations. I appreciate the gold medal, coming as it really does from my confrères whose opinion I value, and to whose judgment I attach the utmost importance, especially the men of thought and those who are endeavouring to make architecture a living, not a dead art."

On March 1st I saw him for the last time, standing at his drawing-board, full of enthusiasm, and his mind alert as ever. He talked cheerfully of old times, showed me his drawing of the great hanging Cross, and his noble designs for the marble pavement of the cathedral, observing that he hoped "to out-rival the pavement of St. Mark's." We parted, after arranging to spend the following day together at his home at Clapham. That same evening he was seized with paralysis at a friend's house, and removed to his home, where he passed peacefully away in the early hours of the morning, surrounded by his devoted wife and children. On Wednesday, 5th March, a solemn Mass of Requiem was sung at St. Mary's Church, Clapham, which he attended for many years, and had enriched with some remarkable stained glass and other works.

Cardinal Vaughan addressed those present on his life and work, remarking that he knew of no man who devoted his life, with his knowledge and his science, to the service of God more faithfully.

After the absolutions had been given, the coffin was borne shoulder high by his cathedral craftsmen through the western door to the strains of Chopin's "Funeral March." And at the Catholic Cemetery, Mortlake, we laid him to rest with the Church's last prayer for mercy: "Pie Jesu Domine dona ei requiem sempiternam. Amen."

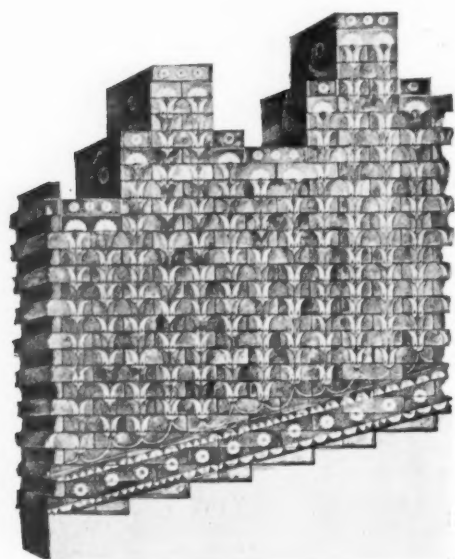
THE ARCHITECT'S USE OF ENAMELLED TILES. PART II. HISTORY AND APPLICATION.

[From a paper read by Mr. Halsey Ricardo before the Society of Arts.]

It will be as well, I think, to glance briefly at what has been done in the past, and at examples of what are acknowledged to be masterpieces in the way of tile work, when the art of tile-making and tile-using was at its height. To do this at all adequately is out of the question in my space, and it is only by severe and reluctant pruning that I can contain myself within reasonable limits. I must begin with Egypt, because the Egyptians began first. They discovered a stone that would stand glazing, and they used glazed wall decoration extensively. The Tell-el-Yahoudi plaques of 1400 B.C. are to all intents and purposes wall tiles, and Dr. Flinders Petrie has discovered glazed wall tiles of a still earlier date amongst the ruins of the palace erected by Ku-en-aten in his newly-founded capital. The colours mostly have disappeared owing to the action of the damp during the centuries wherein they lay buried. When the Egyptians used polychrome decoration on their plaques, the different colours were let into the object, making it a kind of tile mosaic—not painting, as in a picture, on the surface.



ASSYRIAN USE OF ENAMELLED BRICKS.
FROM THE ROYAL PALACE AT SUSA.



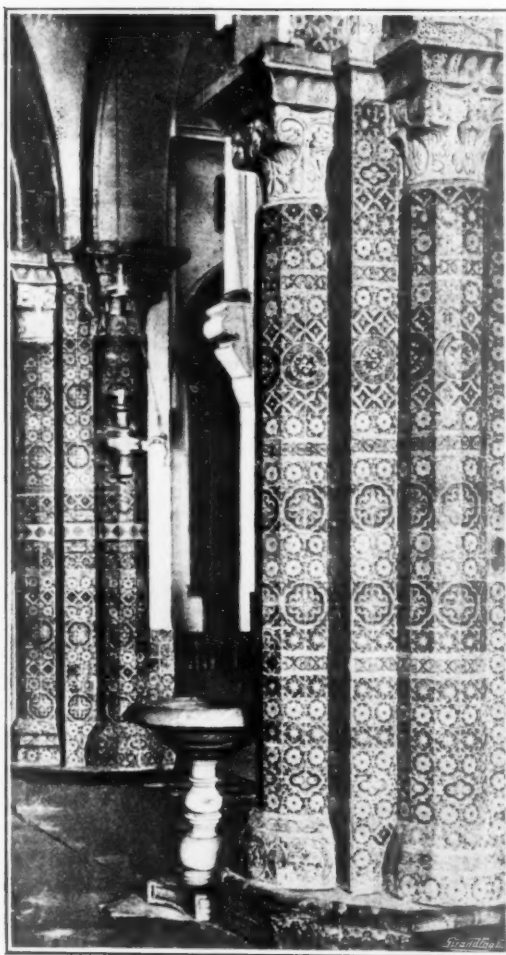
ASSYRIAN USE OF ENAMELLED BRICKS.
RAMPED DADO TO STAIRWAY.

The discoveries at Susa reveal an advance in the art of wall decoration. During the Achæmenian dynasty the royal palace had its walls adorned with panels of painted plaques, but these were rather bricks than tiles, and the methods employed were derived from the glazed bricks employed in the architecture of the Babylonian and Assyrian empires. The walls were built of light grey and light rose unglazed bricks ranged somewhat like the walls of the Ducal Palace at Venice, whilst the ornamented parts, which were the portals and great entrance staircases, were in enamelled terra-cotta bricks, the colours being separated by what appears to be a vitreous wall, something after the manner of the metal walls of cloisonné enamels. Darius gave up the use of terra-cotta and employed a kind of concrete for his bricks, because he found the enamel wore better on the latter.

From Susa it is but a short step into Persia. In Mesopotamia the Medes built the town of Ecbatana. Up the sides of a steep hill rose the seven circular walls, one inside the other, enfolding the treasury and the king's palace. The outer wall was of immense diameter, and the terraces enclosed by each ring carried collections of country houses with small farm and gardens attached, rather than the suburb building to which we are accustomed. The city was consecrated to the great powers of the firmament, and the devotion of its founders was registered in the form and colour of its walls. The battlements to the outer wall were white; to the next black; the third scarlet; the fourth blue; the fifth orange. The two last walls had their battlements silvered and gilt. Returning from an expedition or from the

chase there stood before the eyes of the beholder the city of his home, voicing in its chord of colour the seven great orbs that guarded his family and hearth—the sun, the moon, and the five planets—who rose and set in ceaseless vigilance to call him to action, to give him rest, to bring forth meat for him and the kindly fruits of the earth; and when the fever of life was over to proclaim to him by their silent march overhead through the vault of heaven, the immeasurable might of fate and the tranquillity of the grave.

This profusion of colour and metal work strikes us as extravagant, even in conception, not to speak of realisation; but Herodotus dealt with facts well known to many of his readers who had seen Nineveh and Babylon and the pictured splendour of Egypt; and this is how he describes Ecbatana. Amidst this wealth of artificial colour grew up the art of Persia, as we know it, and its influence throughout the past has been very subtle and far-reaching. It has coloured India and the shores of the Mediterranean. It is impossible to look at the Moorish work of North Africa and of



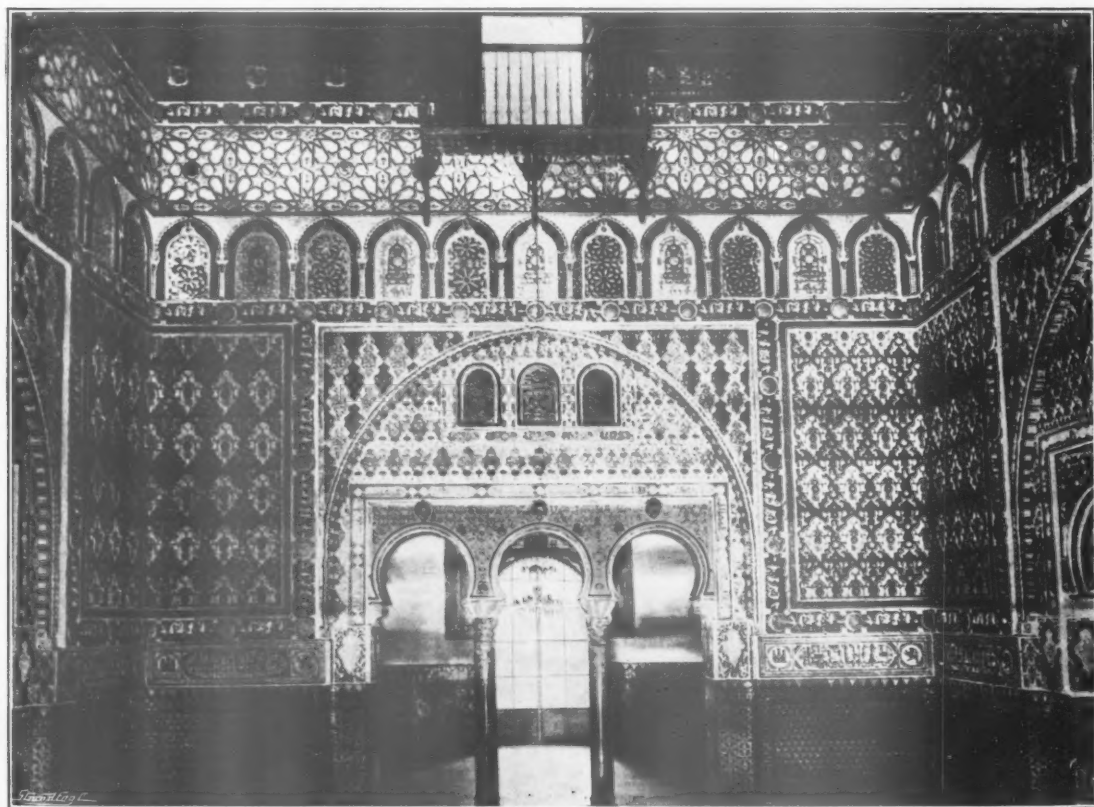
INLAID MARBLE PIERS,
COIMBRA CATHEDRAL, PORTUGAL.

Spain and not feel the Persian influence exhibited ; nay more, most of the work must have been done by actual Persians carried in the train of Arab conquerors. The art of Byzantium played upon it and probably deeply influenced it, but our knowledge of Byzantine art is at present too imperfect to let us pronounce definitely in this direction. The stream of merchandise that flowed through Persia brought with it samples of the porcelains from far Cathay, and, after a certain date, Chinese influence on the Persian potter is very perceptible. In China, coloured tiles are largely used in exterior work. The "Porcelain" tower at Nankin (destroyed 1853) was so called because the lowest of nine stories was covered with glazed brick, the eaves over the balconies were roofed in with green tiles, and the window jambs plated with glazed porcelain modelled in relief.

In the Middle Ages, and outside the sphere of Persian art, there was tile-making, but the tiles so made were for pavements and, later on, for roof coverings. The floor tiles were made glazed, but the glaze soon wore away. Innumerable examples of these abound in England and on the Continent, made, I imagine, to reproduce as well as might be the splendours of the marble

pavements abroad, about which the pilgrims spoke when they returned from Rome and Byzantium, or from their crusades in Paynim lands. When the revival of letters and classic lore and antique art set in, every craft was touched by its influence, and pottery had its renaissance as well as sculpture. But the tile-makers drew their new inspirations not so much directly from the past as from Spain, and thus in this roundabout way came under the influence of Persia. The Arabs invaded the Peninsula of Spain A.D. 711, and remained there, so far as their influence of the tile trade is concerned, till 1610. The Alhambra was begun in 1272, and the tiles that decorate it are the oldest and most interesting in Spain. Their fame travelled, and Spanish tiles spread far and wide ; they were imported in considerable quantities to Genoa, to Naples, and to the islands westward of the Peninsula of Italy, and, in company with the European craftsmen, found a market in India.

During the period of the Renaissance various attempts were made to develop the quantities of glazed-ware in the direction of architectural employment, the work of the Della Robbia family being the products perhaps the most generally known. Famous factories were established at



USE OF ENAMELLED TILES BY THE MOORS IN SPAIN.
SEVILLE. THE HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS (ALCAZAR).



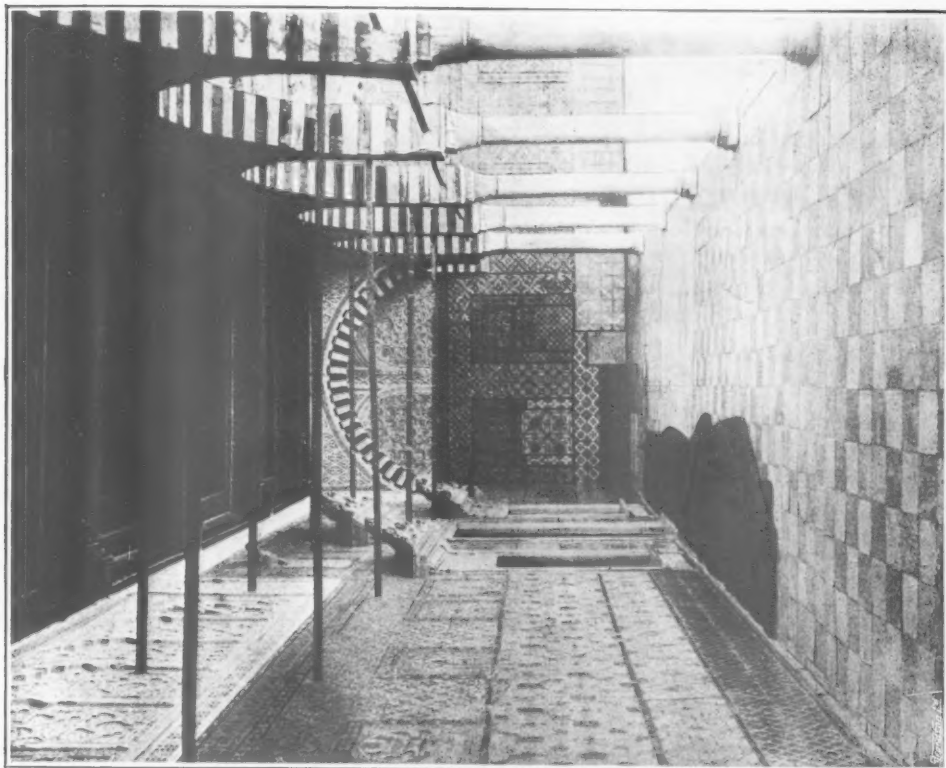
ITALIAN USE OF ENAMELLED WARE. DELLA ROBBIA LUNETTE IN THE COURTYARD OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, FLORENCE.

Florence, Faenza, Gubbio, and many other places under Italian rule; and under the Spanish in the Balearic Isles, and at Naples. So famous were they that they gave a name to their ware that lasts to this day. Faience is Faenza ware, Majolica is the pottery that comes from Majorca. In the Spanish Peninsula the Renaissance found a special state of affairs. To the south, in what was once the Sultanate of Cordova, Moorish traditions and Moorish craftsmen still lingered on, distinct from the Christian workers who were absorbing their territory; and these rival potters had occasionally blended, so that, besides the Christian and the Morisco styles, there was a third style that went by the name of Mudejar. It was not till the time of the great Emperor

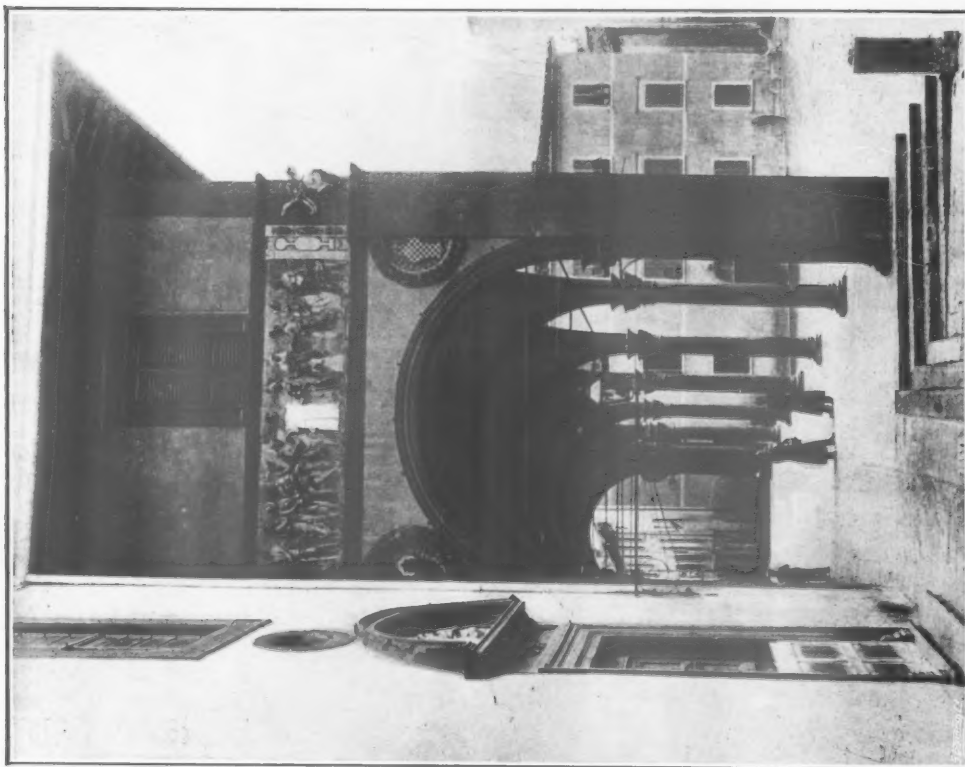
Charles that the influence of the Renaissance began to show on Spanish work; the painted tiles date from the sixteenth century. Talavera was then the famous emporium, and its goods supplied the country, Portugal, and the far East.

In England, glazed plaques, other than paving tiles, are rare. There is an interesting specimen in Lingfield Church, Surrey, an effigy of the time of Henry VIII. in glazed tiles. The figure is incised on a rather coarse red clay, covered with a greenish glaze, now much worn away. It is supposed, however, that the tiles are of Flemish origin. Similar instances of sepulchral portraiture are fairly common in France.

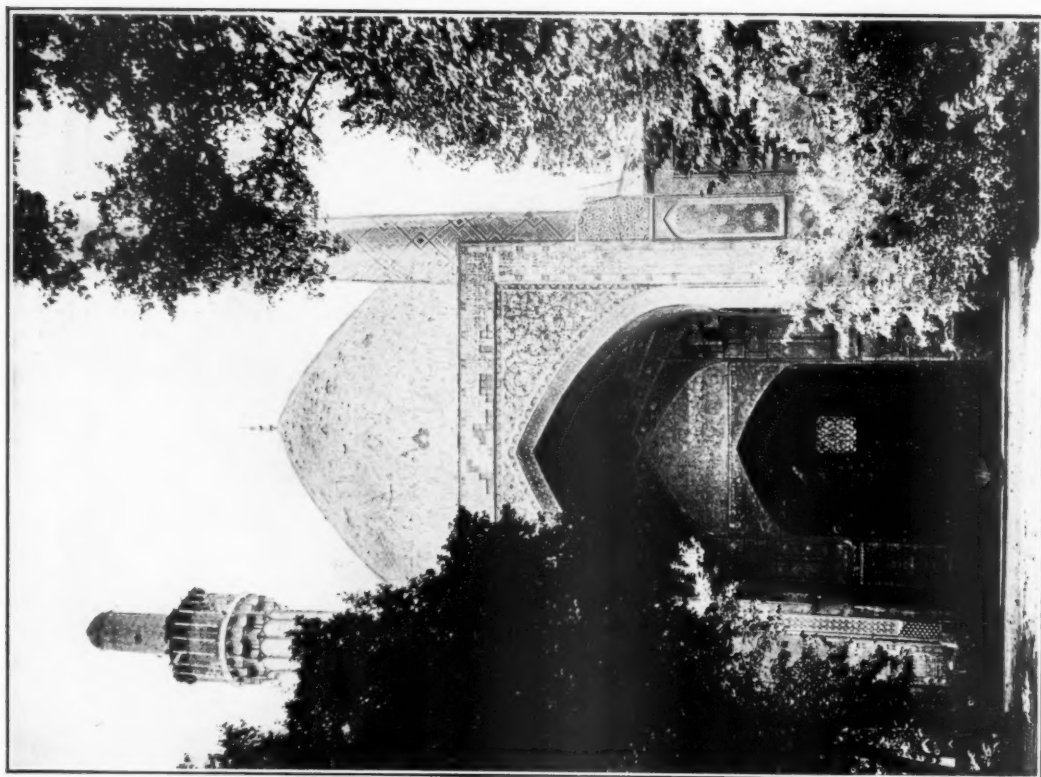
By the time we are reaching the sixteenth century, tiles in Europe—except for pavings and



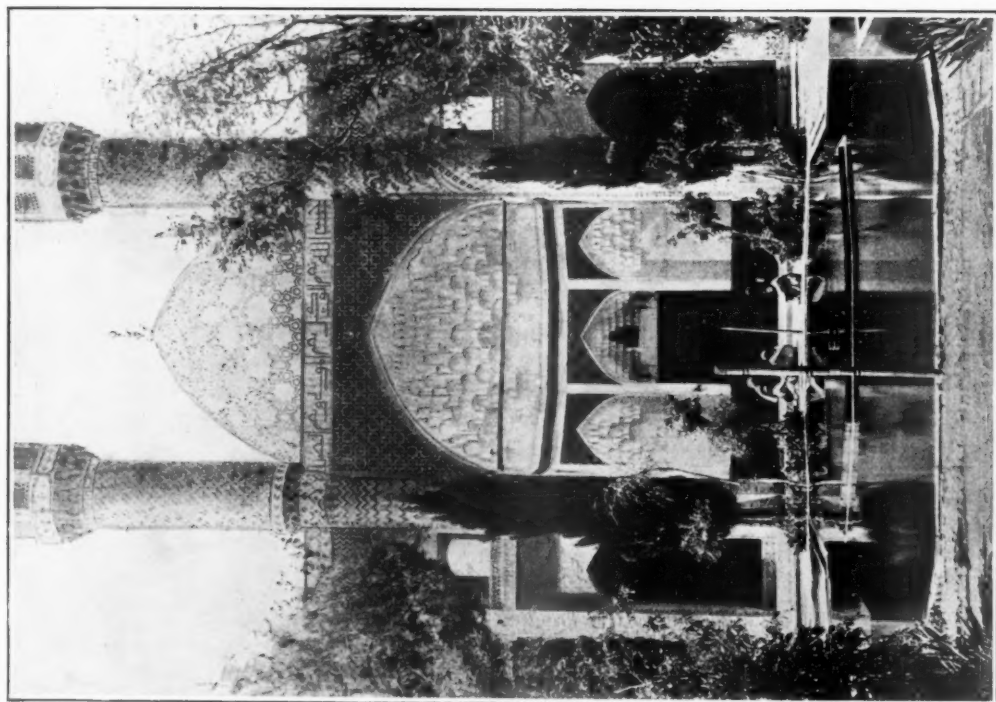
USE OF ENAMELLED TILES IN AFRICA. COURTYARD OF THE MOSQUE KNOWN AS "THE BARRIER," AT KAIROUAN, TUNIS.



ITALIAN USE OF ENAMELLED WARE. DELLA ROBBIA WARE IN THE HOSPITAL "DEL CEEPO," PISTOJA.



HADRAHI-I-ISPAHAN.

THE MAHUN SHRINE NEAR KERMAN.
PERSIAN USE OF ENAMELLED TILES.

skirtings—are ceasing to be architectural adjuncts, and becoming—or trying to become—more and more tile pictures. It was the flood tide of the painters, and painters who prided themselves on their versatility. Every material was pressed into their service, mosaics, stained glass, tiles, pots, plates, and dishes—all were to come out as pictures regardless of the qualifications and the limits of the material. In Spain, the Spanish Netherlands, and the two Sicilies, this picture-painting was taken light-heartedly; the humours of the material were allowed to have their say, and there is a general air of not being on your oath in the treatment of these panels. If you recall the subject of a set of Dutch tiles you will see a kind of ease in the handling and a liberal acceptance of the imperfections of the ware—altogether different from the tense, serious treatment of a Maestro Giorgio tazza. The result is that these (to use the loose and inaccurate but generally accepted appellation) Dutch and Spanish tiles persist to this day as living things, whilst the solemn works of art are to be found now only in museums; and we can observe how hopelessly dead the art of them has become by the imitations of them that are being here and there manufactured. These finished picture-tiles fulfilled no real want; and as soon as the great burst of enthusiastic appreciation of all forms of craft was over and the wave of studio excellence abated, they dropped out of circulation. Nobody would have—of such things—any but the very best, and the very best were not being made. Even the other more homely efforts shared in this discouragement, and soon sank to a serviceable level, such as lining dark walls and those surfaces that were likely to get discoloured by smoke and dirt, and on these terms they are made and used to this day. The high standard of draughtsmanship and design had this mortal disadvantage—that the artist, to gain this excellence, had to devote his whole force and attention to the pictorial side of his craft, and so became divorced from his material. The tile was no longer treated on its own merits, and its decoration evolved therefrom—but as a field for the painter's display, and to secure effects which, though proper and natural in frescoes and easel pictures, are foreign to the nature of a tile, and can only be extorted—and then but partially—by the utmost technical ability.

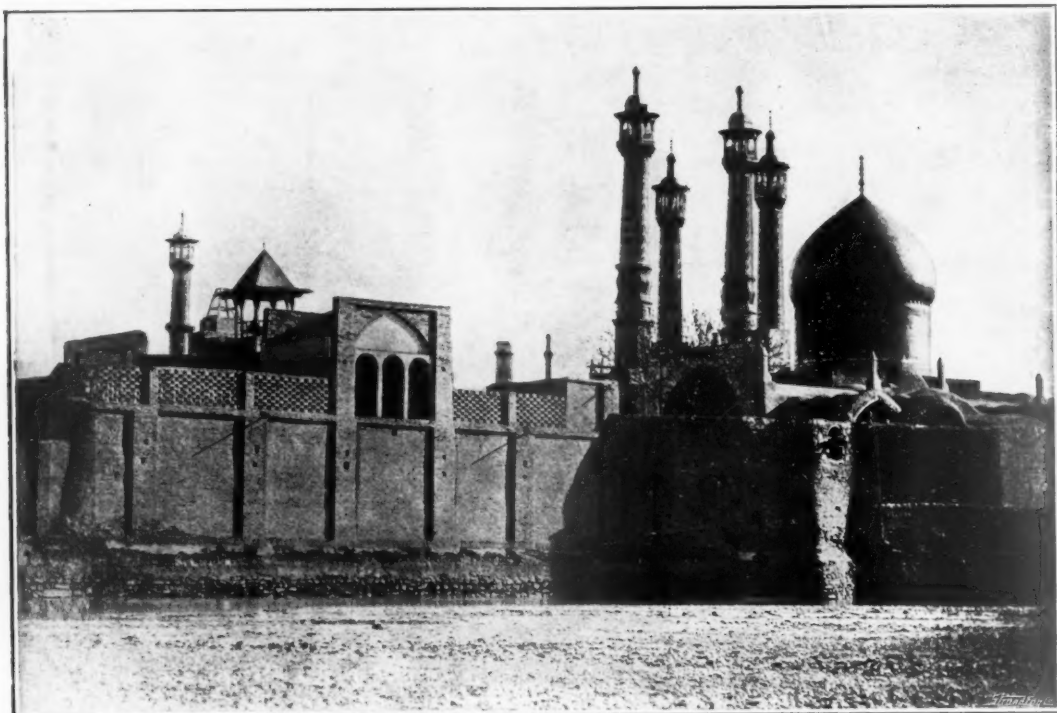
In the East, and that part of Europe under Persian influence as regards the potter's craft, the aim was different. The qualities of the clays and glass were accepted as the basis for development and improvement, and all advance, both in the substance and the technique, was evolved from the tile itself. Nor was the standard pitched either too rigidly or on too

high a plane. The ideal was not beyond the reach of the craftsman, and there was no thought of the presence of some superior imported personage who should invest with the garniture of Art the product of the potter's labour; and yet, on those terms we have examples of consummate work, supreme in technique and in beauty. And this art is still alive, and, if it could be left undisturbed, would go on quietly fulfilling its purpose. Unfortunately, the restless activity of modern life, with its eager but ignorant appreciation of foreign work, is battering at its door, and we are all busied to change by our patronage "the changeless East." European—and I am afraid English—influence has, in its blind admiration of the Art of Japan, ruined it. It set up a huge and feverish demand, and the Japanese at once set themselves in haste to satisfy it. Other nations in the East are not so mercurial, and consequently have not been so much affected, but they have not been uninfluenced. Both India and Persia, not to speak of other countries, have set themselves to serve the British markets, and to conform to British standards. It may be inevitable—it is certainly disastrous.

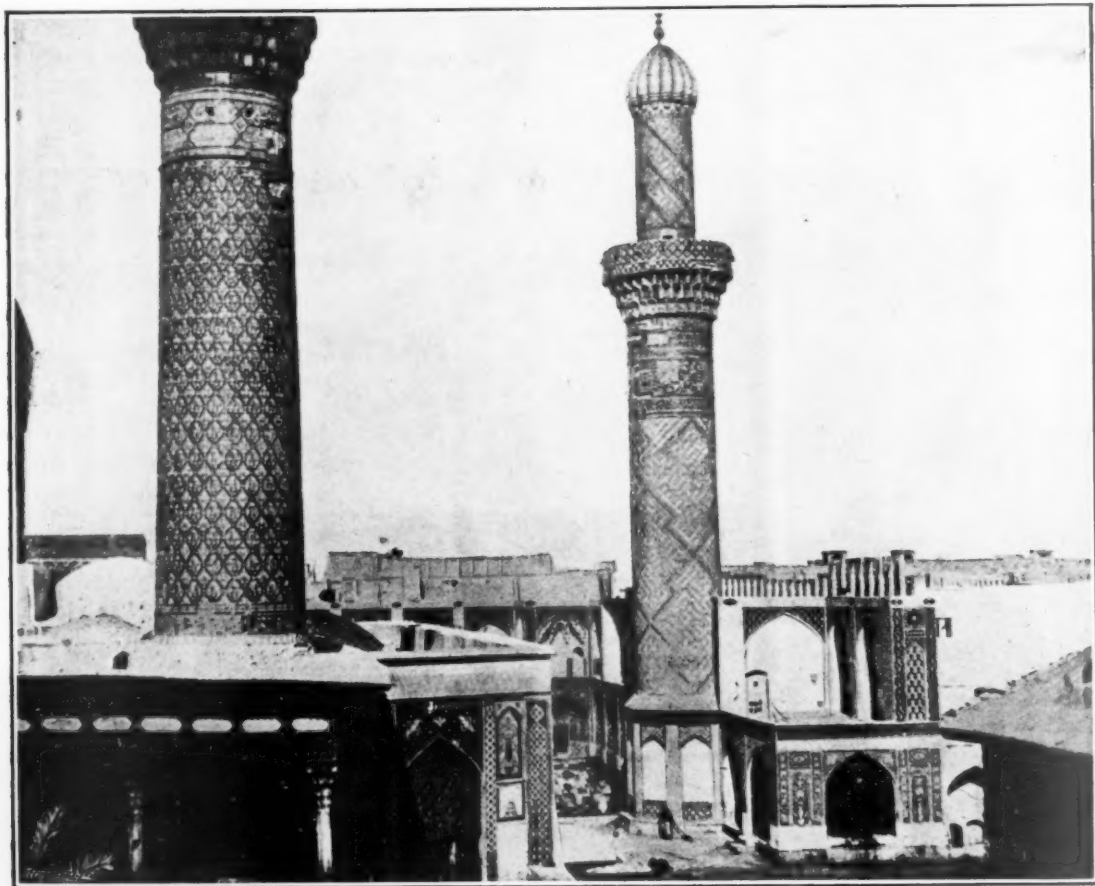
With our improved methods of transit, our facilities of commerce, and our demands, too important to be disregarded and too urgent to be properly executed, we have brought Oriental wares within reach of the humblest, but the beauty and excellence of the stuff is fast disappearing.

A review of the architectural use of enamelled ware suggests a certain moral, drawn from the nature of the country in which the examples occur. Both in Persia, Tunis, and in the Spanish Sierras we are in the presence of arid wastes. Outside the towns there are no trees, no pasture. There is the blue sky over us—but till twilight too blinding for the eye to contemplate. No doubt there is a colour in the vault of night that can scarcely be imagined by those that have not seen it; but, speaking generally, there is no colour about these cities but what is of man's nurture or manufacture. The spring brings a flush of blossom and a short-lived wealth of verdure, enough to exemplify what luxuriance of colour means. But for the greater part of the year the landscape is a sober, drab affair, with little moisture in the atmosphere to temper the brilliancy of the sunshine. The great function of these enamelled tiles, then, was to catch the fleeting glories of the fields and gardens, and, Orpheus-like, to fix them as "a lasting spring." Both by their design and their colour they recall the starry meads, their wondrous varieties of hues and the lush luxuriance of their verdure.

In the Persian work this is more directly



MOSQUE AT KŪM.



SACRED COURTYARD OF THE SHRINE OF IMĀM HUSSEIN AT KERBELA.

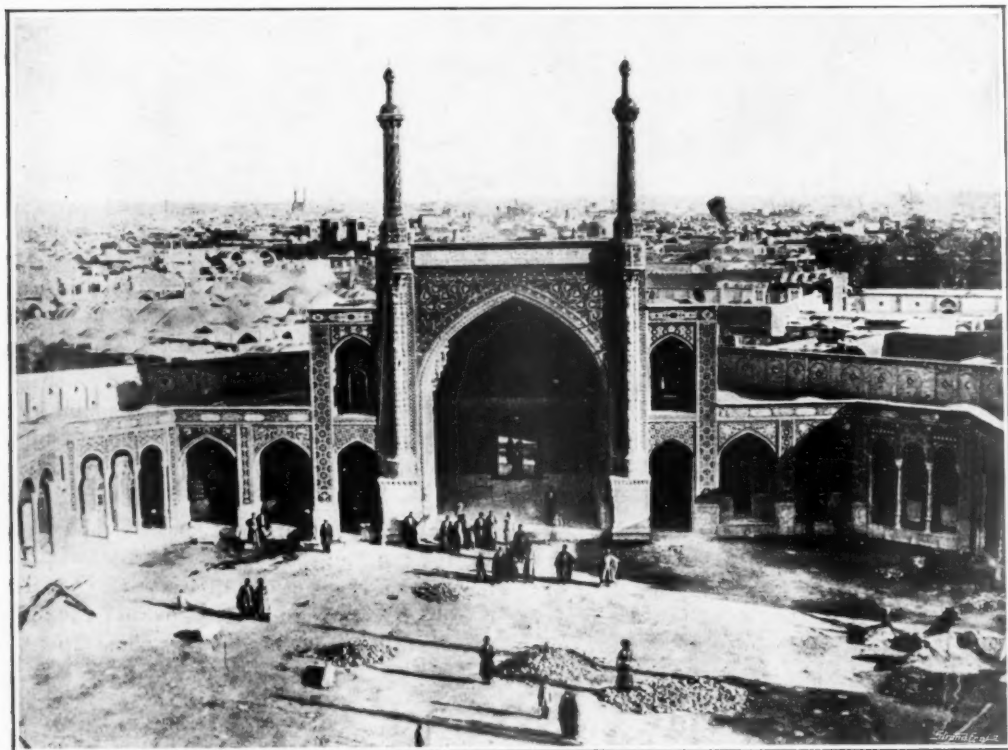
PERSIAN USE OF ENAMELLED TILES.

pictured than in the Spanish; but in both the instinct is to secure, by carpets, embroideries, tiles, and stained glass, an entourage of colour.

In this country, colour is perennial with us; it has its tides, its ebbs and flows, but even at its greatest ebb we are encircled with tender russet, purple and green; at its flow we look out on a garden of living enamel. In this kaleidoscope of colour about us, the need of artificial colour is less insistent. We have but to open a shutter or draw a curtain, and we dislose a painted window. But it is otherwise in our large and crowded towns; there Nature's restless activities are confined in space and checked in growth. Year after year the seasons renew themselves, and with the seasons, the impulses in branch and herbage. But the privation of light caused by our high buildings and our narrow streets, the acids and impurities of our atmosphere cripple and scorch the tender growths, and degrade the freshness of their tints, till at last a film of grime reduces the green of summer to an inky grey, and obscures and sullies the yellow of decay, so that we view the complete ruin of the foliage as a desirable riddance, and are thankful to have the fallen leaves swept up and consumed as promptly as possible.

For half the year our city is the colour of a dirty cobweb, and the only refreshment the eye gets is in the glimpses of the sky overhead, the shop windows, and the hoardings. These latter mark the hunger for colour significantly. The posters, so far as advertisement is concerned, might as well be in plain black and white, but they fairly wallow in colour. Often this chromatic carnival fails in effect, but the failure is due to ignorance of how to obtain the proper value, not from any sparingness in the application of the tints. And this liberality of colour is provided, not out of generosity or exuberance of advertisement, but to supply a felt want. We want colour in our streets; we have tried for it by using coloured building materials, paint, creepers, and flowers in window-boxes, and we have gone to the cost of all these endeavours, not merely to gratify our own cravings in the matter, but for the pleasure of the passer-by in the street. But these ventures are disconnected attempts, and on too small a scale to make any distinct effect, and, owing to the nature of the materials, sink back into the general dinginess of the surroundings. Why not plate your building with tiles? I do not suggest that a man should veneer his vertical section of a street-side that serves him as his house, and let his neighbour on either side follow or not his novel start, because colour to be effective, in such circumstances, must be in broad masses. I should like to see whole streets treated

in permanent colour, and please myself with the hope that some day they may be so, but as a beginning in so bold an experiment I should like to see the scheme tried on a detached building, standing free and with some trees about it, or a public building of sufficient frontage to display a large mass of plain wall surface. We have tried spots and panels of colour here and there in our streets already, and they have failed from the timidity of their employment and the insufficiency of their area. The colour must be laid on in a broad bold mass, and pattern used only sparingly, if at all. The windows and other openings should occur in a field of plain colour, or some simple chequer or trellised diaper, and the limits of the tiling should be bounded by bands and trimmings of glazed terra-cotta. I specify glazed terra-cotta, because in building you must not mix perishable and imperishable materials together. Whilst the one is toning, softening, and decaying under the blunting hand of time, the other is merely getting dirty, and each time the front of the house is cleaned the tiles come up as fresh and bright as the day they were fixed, whilst the corroded framework must remain with the grime that age has brought it. This permanence is not so great an evil as at first appears. Much—say one-third—of a house front consists in any case of imperishable materials, such as the glass windows and the woodwork, which are renewed periodically with coats of paint, and whilst the remainder of the house is toning into a dingy uniformity, the harmony of the frontage is, every few years, disturbed by the freshened appearance, under the painter's hands, of the parts required by the covenants of the lease, and thus making of the harmony a painful discord. It is true that where the materials are all indestructible the kindly agency of time can play no part, the building is never any better than when it leaves the contractor's hands. But this view of the ameliorating power of time belongs to our timid age, the age not of creation but of selection, and is by no means a healthy one. We are afraid to risk anything, and why? Because we are so self-conscious, because we are so eaten up with our sense of responsibility. Not so came into being the models which we copy, although at this moment the style of the past most in vogue is perhaps the most self-conscious that we could have chosen, and (for this follows) the one that is the most disdainful in its refusal of colour. Why should we fear to cover whole streets in London with coloured tiles? Is there anything to lose? The streets at present are not beautiful, nor are they interesting. The modern ones have no single architectonic quality. There is no general principle of design in them, no uniformity, style,



MOSQUE AND VIEW OF THE CITY OF KŪM.



MOSQUE OF SHEIKH LUTF ALLAH AT ISPAHAN.

PERSIAN USE OF ENAMELLED TILES.

composition, balance; a few good examples of design occur in the general welter, but they make no effect on the whole, which mainly expresses private obstinacy, tinctured with selfishness. What could be gained by a broad treatment of colour is periodically shown to us when the Quadrant at Piccadilly gets repainted. In that fine sweep we have an idea, unanimity of design, and breadth of colour, and, in consequence, it is one of the pleasantest things one can meet in one's tramp through town. It may be objected that to incrust whole streets with enamelled tiles would be a very expensive business, and that the decoration, whether we liked it or not, would—owing to the cost involved in applying it—be permanent. It would, I hope, be permanent. Any scheme, reasonably comprehensive, simple and straightforward, must be a distinct improvement on the present polychromatic distraction, gradually surrendering its distinction under the obliterating coating of London grime. No other surface wears so well. Stone perishes rapidly. Brick and terra-cotta get incurably befouled. Marble requires frequent repolishing. Granite endures, but unless it be polished it also gets very filthy. But a good glazed tile, glazed brick or faience, should be as durable as a plate-glass window, unaffected by the wildest acids that infest our atmosphere.

Then as to cost. Of course, tiles by the acre come expensive. But there is another side to the matter that we may as well consider. At present our buildings, in order to get the contrasts of light and shade—colour, in short—are covered with ornamental features, such as mouldings, pilasters, window trimmings, cornices, balustrades, and the like architectural upholstery, and adorned generally with a profusion of inferior carving. Now, although this architectural frippery is pretty cheap stuff all considered, still, it does cost money, and by the use of colour we can dispense with the bulk of it. The projecting cornices and sills, the carving and features generally, form so many shelves and nooks for the dust, dirt, products of coal combustion, and the unhydrated acids enveloped in them. The rain comes and washes the collected dirt against the brickwork; the liquid acids proceed to eat away the stone. Besides, these big projecting cornices are for the purpose of casting deep shadows—the very last things of all that we want in our streets. In tile work we can reproduce this effect and count upon its loyal service, whereas in our stone work the effects of light get reversed by the soot, our high lights become the deepest blacks, and the soffits, that should be in shade, are the brightest parts of our mouldings. In a colour scheme, with tiles, the value of projections

is got by patterns and particular dispositions of tint, and all that is wanted, besides the tile work, is slips of some glazed material to act as boundaries to the fields of colour. There is another virtue in tile work besides its being imperishable and easily cleaned; it is impervious to the elements. There is not the same necessity to load up our girders with thick masonry walls to keep out the weather. A thin glazed skin is sufficient for this purpose, and our walls will be dryer and warmer as well. The ordinary brick wall is nearly as thirsty as a sponge cake, and after a heavy rain-storm there is an immense amount of water to be vapourised before the walls can become dry and warm, and the weight of this water is considerable. With a glazed skin, besides the comfort of unchanging temperature, so much firing to dispel water will be saved. Moreover the rain, instead of dirtying the house, will help to clean it, and after each shower the bulk of the filth, disease germs, and acids, will be washed into the drains, and got rid of comfortably.

Of the internal application of tiles there is not much for me to say. A good deal has been done in this direction of a very interesting description, but by the nature of the case most of the examples were conditioned by special circumstances. An early example of the decorative treatment of tile work can be seen in the refreshment and grill rooms at the South Kensington Museum. It is for the external use of colour decoration that I would specially plead, and for the decoration to be of a permanent kind, got either by enamelled tiles, glazed faience, or mosaic. The French have already made some excursions into this field, notably at the Paris Exhibition, and are still pursuing the subject of building in steel and terra-cotta. It is a matter, I think, of deep regret, that at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, where so plucky a start was made in using materials that withstand our climate, and carrying them out with so much interest and beauty, there should now be abandonment of the spirited departure, instead of development; and that there should be a reversion to the tame respectability of stone. The result of this stony disdain, this proud scholarship of our streets, is that we can't live in them. Every evening thousands upon thousands escape by every railway from these masterpieces of correct architecture and superfine sculpture to the shelter of the country, where the earth is green about them and the heaven blue above them. Cannot we make our streets a little more kindly and comforting to those poor prisoners who cannot escape? We have tried mass and form, and light and shade, might we not now have an attempt at colour?

THE WILTON DIPTYCH AT THE
NEW GALLERY. BY S. ARTHUR
STRONG.

THE exhibition of English monarchs at the New Gallery is in one sense disappointing. The expression of national history is as meagre on its pictorial as on its literary side. This may have been due in part to the strange inability of the people to produce or to tolerate kings of their own blood; but whatever may be the cause, there is no epic of the great moments of the story, the Reformation, the Expansion, the Revolution. There is no Vasco da Gama and no Velasquez. Milton, who enjoyed perhaps the fairest opportunity of all, preferred Lucifer as a hero to Cromwell, and the epic of the Revolution was eventually compiled by Clarendon, and in prose. If all that Holbein wrought had been preserved, we should have had a chronicle of priceless value in detail, with occasional passages of true history; but at the New Gallery only the damaged cartoon can be ascribed to him. The great portrait of Elizabeth from Hardwick is remarkable for nothing so much as for the pattern on the skirt; but this is, perhaps, only to be expected when an heroic epoch takes its name and fame from a lady. However, there is one picture here which stands out from all else. It is at once a document in the true sense of the word, and as purely a thing of beauty as the most naive of Italian visions. I mean the famous diptych from Wilton. Richard II. backed by his three patrons, S. Edmund with the arrow, Edward the Confessor, whose arms he impaled with those of England, and John the Baptist, by whom he was accustomed to swear, kneels at the feet of the Virgin, who stands erect, holding the child, and surrounded by a choir of angels. In the background floats the banner of S. George. The king has a youthful, not to say girlish, expression, and the whole atmosphere of the piece is innocent with a dash of the unintelligent. We feel the presence not of a man who was spiritually exalted above the average, but rather of one who was mentally below it.

The details, evidently intended, are of the highest interest. The king's gorgeous mantle of cloth of gold reminds one of the coat that he is said to have possessed, valued at 30,000 marks. He displays his favourite badge of the white hart, which he probably adopted in memory of his mother, the fair maid of Kent, whose device was a white hind. The attendant angels, like so many "valets of the crown," all wear the same badge on their tunics, and here we may perhaps read a sign of the custom that the king imposed of wearing livery not only on the mantle but on the undergarment as well.

The difficulty begins when we pass from the enjoyment and decipherment of this precious relic to the attempt to assign it a place and a name in the history of art. In the first place, it seems to go without saying, as a kind of principle of criticism, that whatever we find in England must either have been imported from abroad, or if made at home, then made by alien hands. This view could only be combated in detail, and with the help of well-founded general ideas as to the distinctive character and quality of English art. Anyhow, when so much preliminary work still needs to be done, we shall not venture to plead that the picture is or may be English. We know that the king was an art-lover, though there is nothing to show that the costly picture of the Trinity presented to him and his queen by the City of London was home-made. On the other hand, the name of John Sutton, the carver, who flourished in his reign, sounds English enough. Again, the picture has been called Bohemian, and the mere fact that the king wedded the sister of Wenceslaus, of Bohemia, is enough to have suggested this hypothesis. But if, as is generally supposed, the picture commemorates the king's solemn sanction of the crusade of Henry Despensers, the militant bishop of Norwich, it can hardly have been painted later than 1382, that is the very year of the Bohemian marriage. And we should have expected to see the Bohemian influence, if we must introduce it, not so early in full bloom, but spreading by slow degrees in the wake of the bride. There is no doubt that, at first sight, the picture has a tempting look of Italy; but this is mainly due to its general impression of sweetness and gravity like Fra Angelico's. The types and the details, however, do not point with sufficient certainty to any particular Italian of the latter end of the fourteenth century. The Virgin and child, and the choir of angels, are charming both in sentiment and in scheme; but the details, especially of the hands and drapery, are disappointing. The artist is most successful with the figures of saints on the left, which show a respectable attempt at vigour and realism. On the whole, he has the air of being more accustomed to the prettiness of miniatures than to the higher walks of art, and this feature may give us the clue to his whereabouts. Whoever he was, he comes close to the artist of the Hours of the Duc de Berri, at Chantilly—that is, to Pol de Limbourg—and we conclude provisionally that he was a Fleming not untouched by influence from Italy. In the presence of this relic we forget the failure and the fall of Richard, and think only of the friend of Chaucer and Gower, who forgave his enemies:—

Nec habet ultrices rex pius iste manus
Quot mala quot mortes tenero sit passus ab ævo
Quamque sit inultus, Anglia tota videt.



Photo: E. Dockree.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.
THE WILTON DIPTYCH AT THE NEW GALLERY.

GEORGE FREDERICK BODLEY,
R.A. BY EDWARD WARREN.

THE Royal Academy has at length bestowed its full honours upon George Frederick Bodley, who has been for twenty years an Associate of that body, and who as far back as 1870 was an architect of high capacity and reputation. A poet in temperament and actual gift of verse, a musician by nature and acquirement, endowed with a rich facility of imagination, and with a singularly refined sense of form and colour, Mr. Bodley occupies to-day a position of unique distinction.

Entering at an early age as a pupil of Sir Gilbert Scott, he served an old-fashioned five years' apprenticeship, living in his master's house. Drilled, during his long pupilage, in a somewhat rigid convention of English Gothic, revived, but not revived, Mr. Bodley not unnaturally began his independent career with a revolt. Launched on the flood tide of the "Gothic Revival," his talent had the good fortune to meet with early recognition; and within a short time of the expiry of his articles he found himself with a new church upon his hands, that of St. Michael's at Brighton. Tired of the formalized versions of English Thirteenth and Fourteenth Century styles, with the stereotyped mouldings and carvings, which characterized the school in which he had been trained, he designed this church in an extreme severity of form and detail, and with a character suggesting the early French rather than the early English type.

This building, now ruthlessly spoiled by the addition of a huge incongruous nave and aisle, by another hand, shows an original and most refined adaptation of a cognate style. Mr. Bodley struck with this, his first church, a note of dignity which is never absent from any of his subsequent work. St. Michael's is—alas! was—a simple building of red brick, with a rather narrow and lofty nave of four arcaded bays, roofed with a simple trussed-rafter roof, and heavy "lean-to" aisles, lit from clerestory windows of two lights each, and by a very simple and effective group, consisting of a "rose" of circular lights, and two two-light windows in the western wall. The chancel, comparatively short and lower than the nave, is divided from the latter by a sharply accentuated pointed arch and by a low screen wall of stone and marble. The arcade of the nave has short circular stone piers, and heavy simply carved square capitals, supporting acutely pointed stone arches with absolutely plain flat soffits without a vestige of moulding. The warm red brick facing of the internal walls is quietly

striped above the arches with bands of black brick and of stone—in a manner suggesting Italy rather than France; and the arches are accentuated by a plain label band of black brick. The proportions are studied and sweet, the colouring is harmonious, the whole thing imbued with simple severity and refinement. The interest of this first fresh work is enhanced by the co-operation of another youthful master-hand; William Morris contributed the beautiful and extremely characteristic glass that fills the western windows. This glass was inserted some little time after the completion of the building, and it is an interesting fact that in a subsequent church at King's Stanley in Gloucestershire, Mr. Morris found, at Bodley's hands, the opportunity of his first essay in church glass.

Within the next few years, Mr. Bodley, in the fresh vigour of his young enthusiasm, was constantly and happily busy with new churches—and of these, St. Martin's at Scarborough is one of the most interesting, not only for its intrinsic beauty and distinction, but for the fact that the architect here found a field, in the decorative accessories, for the co-operation of his friends and fellow enthusiasts, Rossetti, Madox Brown, and again William Morris. In character and detail this church belongs distinctly to Mr. Bodley's early manner, showing a decided leaning towards



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, SCARBOROUGH.
G. F. BODLEY, R.A., ARCHITECT.

the severity of Thirteenth Century Gothic, and still with a flavour of France, though that is less pronounced than at Brighton. The church consists of nave, aisles and chancel; the piers of the nave arcade are short, sturdy, and octagonal in plan, the arches tall, acutely pointed and very simply moulded, the voussours irregularly striped in brown and gray stone. An elaborately carved and moulded rood and screen have been added by Mr. Bodley in late years; the pulpit, whose panels are filled with figures of saints richly painted and gilt, by Rossetti, dates with the church, and is of singular beauty. The Church of St. Martin was quickly followed by the building of a Parsonage House, simple, severe, and full of quiet character, and by a second church, that of All Saints, in the same town.

Mr. Bodley's name is so intimately associated with ecclesiastical work, that few people are aware of the considerable number of civil buildings for which he has been responsible, in his early days singly, and afterwards conjointly with Mr. Garner. Some of them, and the more important, we shall notice later on as the work of the partnership; for the present, as an instance of skilful and refined treatment bestowed upon small and simple buildings, I wish to note the charming little villas designed by Mr. Bodley for a site at Great Malvern. These present his extremely individual version of the early Eighteenth Century type of small dwelling house. Their charm is like that of Jane Austen's heroines; it is an affair of character and staid refinement combined with a certain little air of dignified propriety. Externally they are pleasant in the warm colouring of bricks and tiles, in the balance of their careful proportions and in their instinctive adjustment to the site. Internally they are full of graceful touches, and both inside and out are delightful houses for quiet gentlefolk.

About the year 1868, Mr. Bodley, under the stress of a long illness, found it advisable to resort to the co-operation of his friend and future partner Mr. Thomas Garner, like himself a pupil, though considerably junior, of Sir Gilbert Scott, and who was then a young architect of some experience gained in small but responsible work of his own, of wide and disciplined knowledge, and of boundless enthusiasm and energy. It is not, however, of Mr. Garner's work that I have now to treat, and I propose in this paper to confine myself almost exclusively to the individual work of Mr. Bodley, making exceptions in favour of such an extraordinary instance of successful co-operation as the church at Pendlebury, and one or two other buildings. If Mr. Bodley's early taste in Gothic architecture inclined towards French types, that of his

future partner was pronouncedly English. But for some time before his conjunction with Mr. Garner, Mr. Bodley's handling of Gothic architecture had undergone considerable change. He had become imbued with a keen perception of the beauty of English Fourteenth Century, or "decorated" work, and towards the middle of the "sixties" his designs began to show increasing evidence of that appreciation. The early French phase had passed. Austere simplicity gave way to a more suave severity, and an increasing use of softly-curved mouldings, engaged shafts, and curvilinear tracery, gradually testified to the conversion. His church of St. Salvador, at Dundee, seems to mark a middle point in this conversion. It is austere in form, but with a tempered austerity. There is a fine and graceful severity about the sharply-pointed arches of the nave arcade dying on to the capless piers, and the accentuation of the bays by the slim wall-shafts that run up to carry the roof principals. For the last thirty years Mr. Bodley's Gothic has always been, in so far as constructive detail is concerned, in the "decorated" manner; but that manner has been so intensely perceived and assimilated as to become a natural expression. His individuality shines through his adopted fourteenth century as Wren's through his adopted Palladian style.

It was doubtless kindred sympathies, kindred appreciations, and kindred studies that drew together the partners, who for little short of thirty years were associated in strenuous endeavours to redeem the unhappily degraded art of architecture, and whose example has had so marked an effect upon the work of their contemporaries. Their co-operation began, without actual partnership, upon the Church of All Saints, which stands opposite the great Gate of Jesus College, at Cambridge, and whose shapely spire is a familiar feature of that town. A formal partnership was entered into in 1869, and amongst other work which it immediately shared was the church, initiated by Mr. Bodley, of St. John, at Tue Brook, Liverpool, a church of distinctly English Fourteenth Century character, not elaborate in structural detail, but very elaborately furnished and decorated. This church was soon followed by two others, which still remain pre-eminent in character and prestige amongst the many subsequently designed by the same architects. These are the Churches of the Holy Angels, at Hoar Cross, Staffordshire; and St. Augustine, at Pendlebury, near Manchester. They are nearly contemporary, the former begun in 1871, the latter in 1873. Though stamped with the impress of a kindred inspiration, and both marked by extreme refinement in detail, these

buildings are as different in form and character as the exigencies of site, requirements, and materials can make them.

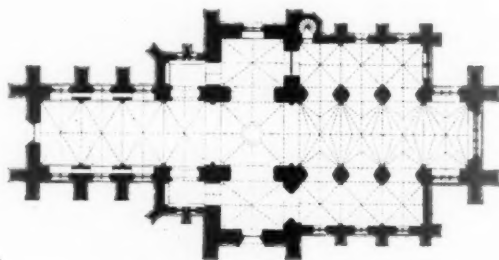
The Church at Hoar Cross, built at the sole charge of Mrs. Meynell Ingram, as a memorial to her husband, and at the gates of her park, is, with all its wealth of internal adornment, a village church, and intended for small congregations. Standing close by the road, on the side of a beautiful valley, it lifts its massive square tower, strong in vertical emphasis, and deep triple recession of each face, above its lofty chancel and less lofty nave, amidst the trees; and rises in all the harmony of its warm red sandstone from the turf of a rural churchyard.

Far other is the interest of St. Augustine's, Pendlebury. Akin in refinement of detail, in quiet reverence of effect, it is, in plan, scale, purpose and constructive conception, as different from its contemporary as it well could be. It is situated upon a flat site amidst the unlovely cinderous surroundings of a Manchester suburb. Its walls are of brick, and stone is used for the dressed work of doors and windows, for columns, arches, and the decorative bands that add to the distinctive character of the exterior. The plan is a long parallelogram, embracing nave and chancel, without any structural division between them. The aisles are mere passages pierced through the deep internal buttresses that resist the thrusts of the wagon-vaulted timber roof. The church is long, spacious and lofty, and possesses the impressiveness of an interior splendid in simplicity, religious and inspiring in the lift of its noble lines; and if the form is fine, so is the ordered scheme of colouring, both constructive and applied; the gently-contrasted browns, grays and creamy whites of the piers and arches, the soft rich tones of blue, green and gold of the panelled wainscot of the aisles, the diapered painting of the chancel walls, and the arched roof, the deep browns of the oakwork, and the mellow translucency of the stained glass. Externally, studied proportions, simplicity of detail, concentration of ornament, and quiet emphasis of structural lines enhance the scale, and give a rare effect of individual grandeur to a building which, in clumsy hands, might so easily have been a mere gaunt brick mass in a smoky suburb. The church is a modern building, of frankly expressed construction, and if it were the sole instance of the united efforts of its authors would still suffice to give them high rank among their brother artists.

I have noticed these two churches as characteristic instances of the close co-operation which marked the early days of Mr. Bodley's partnership with Mr. Garner, I now propose to deal only with buildings of which the former was wholly and

solely the author. But before dismissing the collaboration, which lasted nominally for over twenty-five years, and which ceased, I think, in 1897 by the friendly dissolution of a friendly bond, I may mention as some of the tokens of its activity, the School Board offices, on the Thames Embankment, begun in 1873 as a portion only of a final scheme, and most unfortunately completed by other architects; River House at Chelsea, the Masters' Lodge at University College, and St. Swithin's Quadrangle at Magdalen, Oxford; the churches of St. Michael, Camden Town, and of St. Germain's at Cardiff.

The year 1886 brought Mr. Bodley an opportunity in many ways similar to that of Hoar Cross. This was the new church designed by him for the Duke of Newcastle at Clumber, near Worksop. Nominally attributable to both partners, this building was entirely the work of the senior, and indicates a cessation of the real collaboration. Like that at Hoar Cross, the church is small, stone-built, of simple traditional plan, and very solidly constructed. It has a central tower, but it has the additional feature of a stone spire. It rises from the even lawn, which slopes southward to a beautiful little lake, against a charming woodland background. It is faced externally with the white stone of a former and demolished building, while the upper portion of the tower, the spire, the buttress faces, copings, tracery and dressed work of doors and windows, are of a warm red stone. This church bears in marked degree the



PLAN. ST. MARY THE VIRGIN,
CLUMBER, NOTTS.

sense of easy security and instinctive proportion, and conveys the impression of studied mastery, of poetic inspiration, of care, thought and conviction. Internally its high nave and chancel are roofed with groined stone vaulting, and the red stone is carried through the whole of the admirable masonry. Externally, the graduated spread of the boldly-weathered buttresses, and the "battering" lines of the handsome steeple, give a gratifying sense of ample resistance, of permanent and assured stability.

At Cambridge Mr. Bodley has added new and distinct buildings to two colleges—King's and



Photo : Cyril Ellis.

CHURCH OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN,
CLUMBER, NOTTS. FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.
G. F. BODLEY, R.A., ARCHITECT.

*Photo : Cyril Ellis.*

CHURCH OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN,
CLUMBER, NOTTS. INTERIOR, LOOKING EAST.
G. F. BODLEY, R.A., ARCHITECT.

Queens'—at the former he has placed, on the river front, facing the "Backs," the incomplete quadrangle known as Bodley's Buildings. Built of a pleasant-looking, buff-coloured stone, roofed with grey stone slates, planned with the traditional sequence of staircases, carefully studied in proportion, and delicately and characteristically refined in detail, this building, even in its incomplete state and the inevitable newness of its early years, forms an harmonious adjunct to a college of exceptional dignity. At Queens' College Mr. Bodley is responsible for the new red-brick chapel, a tall, somewhat severe building of an unpretentious character, the asceticism of whose lofty interior is tempered by the rich colouring of the vaulted ceiling and the altar piece, and by the glow of the glass which fills many of the windows.

The ten years between 1885 and 1895 saw at least as many new churches, large and small, in town and country, begun and completed by Mr. Bodley—Eckenswell, Horbury, Skelmanthorpe, Warrington and Danehill are all small churches, the last of singular beauty, and perfect adaptation to its site, on a Sussex hilltop; Epping, Hackney Wick, Norwood, Branksome, Bournemouth and Cowley, Oxford, all town or suburban churches,

are of considerable size as churches go in England. Of these the first three show a certain similarity of type and a coincidence of features strongly characteristic of Mr. Bodley's later manner. All three have no chancel arch, and comparatively low and wide naves, "lean-to" aisle roofs, and tall stone arcades carried nearly up to the roof-plates. All three have no clerestory, but are lit from the aisle windows, and those of the eastern and western walls; all have barrel-vaulted ceilings, divided by ribs and decorated in the architect's familiar manner, in soft, rich colours, with painted texts in Gothic type running horizontally above the cornice, and finally all three have flush end walls, divided only by buttresses.

The Eton Mission Church interior is singularly impressive in its quiet plainness, in the admirable spacing of its great square piers with their slender springing shafts, and in the adjustment of the lofty transverse arches of the aisles. There is an effect of effortless originality about the whole which tells of the master hand. It is an essentially modern design.

The Church of St. Adhelm at Branksome, on the outskirts of Bournemouth, internally somewhat resembles the Norwood Church, but its nave roof is of the open trussed-rafter order, the eastern portion only being ceiled. Its chief ornaments are the long low oak screens of the chancel and its aisles, and the rood which surmounts that of the former.

The Church of Cowley St. John at Oxford, stands alone in treatment and intention. It is a monastic church, built for the use of the Cowley confraternity. The long chancel screened from the relatively short nave, is for the use of the fathers and brethren of the Order. The public is admitted to the body of the church. Its high white interior gives to this church a peculiar distinction—a calm and beautiful severity, befitting its use. The nave is at present unfinished, two more bays are to be added, the westernmost supporting a broad low tower. The eastern end of the exterior rises above the monastic garden. Along the southern and eastern walls runs a low flat-roofed building containing a cloister and vestries. The northern side is flanked by a chapel and music school or practice room for choristers.

As an example of Mr. Bodley's later work, I have chosen for illustration an internal view of the church at Eccleston, quite recently built for the Duke of Westminster, and extremely characteristic in its studied proportions and careful finish.

In marked contrast to such sheer creation are the skilful and recent adaptation of a large secular hall, which he has converted into an English Church at Florence, and the still more remarkable transmutation of a bald modern parallelogram in



QUEENS' COLLEGE CHAPEL,
CAMBRIDGE, LOOKING WEST.
G. F. BODLEY, R.A., ARCHITECT.



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, COWLEY, OXFORD.
EAST END. G. F. BODLEY, R.A., ARCHITECT.

Photo: Cyril Ellis.



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, COWLEY, OXFORD.
INTERIOR LOOKING EAST. G. F. BODLEY, R.A., ARCHITECT.

Photo: Cyril Ellis.



CHURCH AT ECCLESTON.
G. F. BODLEY, R.A., ARCHITECT.

*Photo: Cyril Ellis.*

ST. GILES' CHURCH, DORSET.
THE CHOIR SCREEN AND ALTAR
G. F. BODLEY, R.A., ARCHITECT.

the Church of St. Giles', Dorset, which we illustrate. In this case the external walls were maintained, but two arcades were inserted so as to create aisles, and the church was screened, furnished, and decorated in the architect's characteristic manner. The elaborate reredos, the hangings and furniture of all kinds, have received Mr. Bodley's invariable and minute care. A distinguished brother architect has said of his skill in such transmutations, that he is the only man "who can and does make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

No notice of his work can afford to overlook his strong instinct for colour and innate sense of decorative effect. He has decorated innumerable churches and houses, and in his own buildings it is always observable that the ultimate colour scheme of the interiors is carefully foreseen and forestalled from the very first.

He possesses an extraordinarily accurate and tenacious memory for things he has seen. In the days of his apprenticeship he sketched and measured very little, in his subsequent years hardly at all. For the most part he possesses no record of the countless buildings that he has studied beyond his own amazingly minute mental notes. Coming once to him fresh from a holiday in France with my sketches of the week before, of a particular church which Mr. Bodley had not seen for twenty-five years, I was astonished at the minute accuracy of his recollection of it, even of the minor details, none of which had escaped his observation or his memory.

No work of Mr. Bodley's is without distinction. He maintains an unswervingly high standard of execution, and an unfaltering conviction of the claims of Gothic architecture. His aim is never to startle, the eccentric is ever far from his ideal. The quality of his designs is as remote as possible from the obvious ingenuities, the mock rusticities, the cottagey affectations that are the prevalent architectural sins of the moment.

CURRENT ARCHITECTURE.

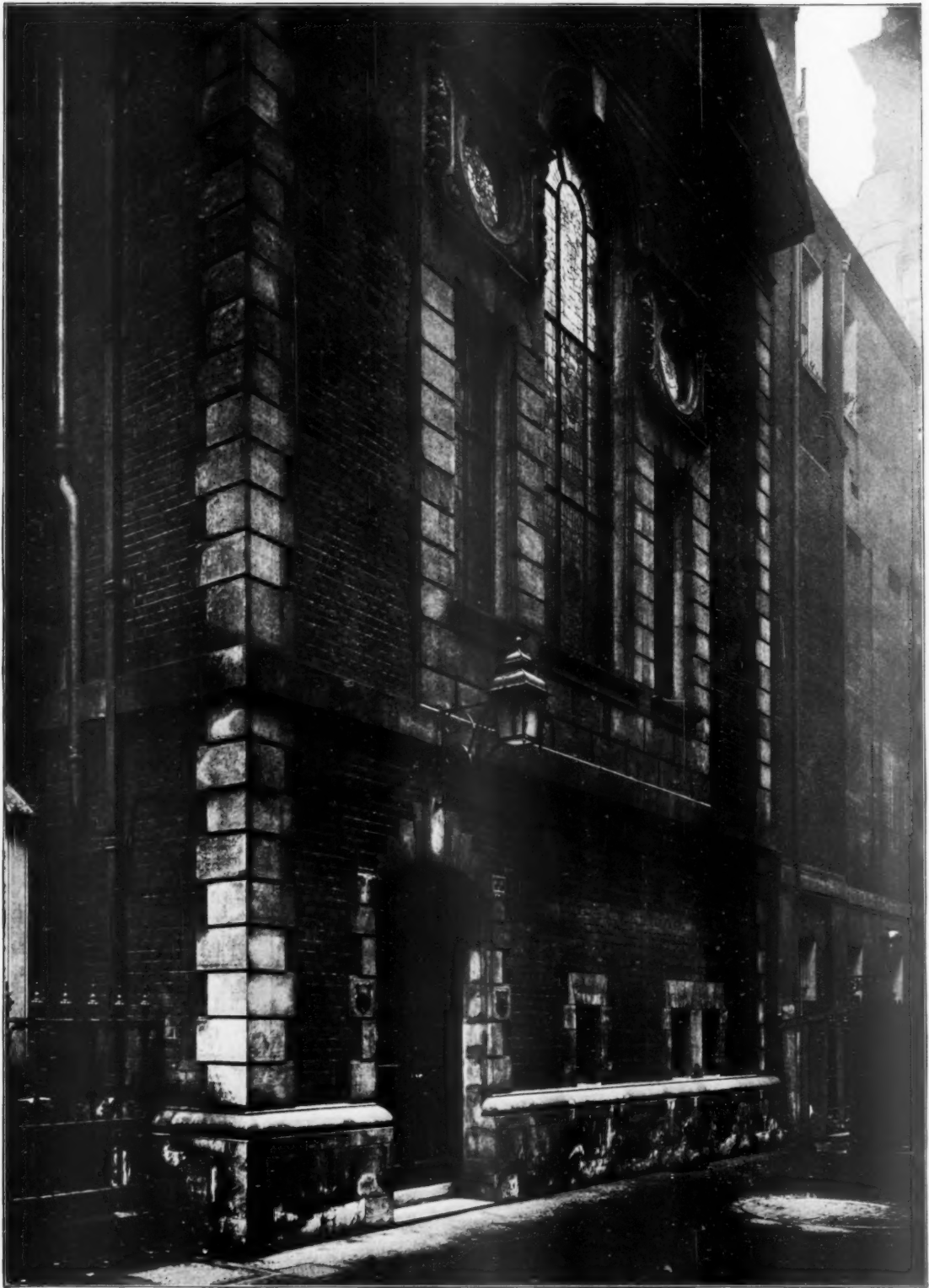
NEW STAIRCASE, &C., AT THE DRAPERS' HALL, LONDON.—The Drapers' Company having resolved to let their frontage in Throgmorton Street facing the Stock Exchange for the erection of offices were obliged to remove the staircase of their Hall, erected some thirty or forty years ago from the designs of their surveyor, when nearly the whole of their premises was rebuilt. A new staircase was therefore designed for them by Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A., farther north, approached by a

corridor from Throgmorton Street, with a side entrance in Throgmorton Avenue, and contained partly in a space occupied by one of the drawing-rooms, and partly in a new building projected towards the Avenue. The staircase has balustrades of alabaster and marble, and a dado of carved oak wainscotting, and the landing is flanked by rows of columns of Breccia with wall linings of Greek Cipollino and door-cases of Emperor's red marble. The greater number of the Ionic capitals and bases of the two colonnades are Italian work of the 15th century which had lain for many years at Messrs. Farmer and Brindley's yard, where they were noticed by the Architect and adopted by him for their present use. The ceiling is modelled in plaster, and the great windows have medallions of heraldry on plain pattern glazing. Below the springing of the coved ceiling Mr. Jackson intended to have a plaster frieze representing the Jubilee procession of 1897, for which Mr. Geo. Frampton, A.R.A., made models, but it has unfortunately not been carried out. A new corridor leading from the drawing-room to the Livery Hall has door-cases of oak and is lined with oak wainscotting, in which are introduced eight arabesque panels with figures representing trades connected with the Drapers' craft. These figures were modelled by Mr. T. Carter. The entrance doorway in Throgmorton Street, which is the only part of the frontage retained by the Company, has doors of bronze flanked by two "Persians" which were modelled and carved by Mr. Pegram.

The rest of the new front buildings in which this doorway is set is the work of the Company's surveyor, Mr. Reilly, and Mr. Jackson's work is confined to the matters above described. The contractors for the general work were Messrs. Colls and Sons; for the marble work and carving, Messrs. Farmer and Brindley; for the heating work, Messrs. Bailey and Son. The painted glass is by Mr. Grylls, and the electric light fittings by Mr. Nelson Dawson.

LIVERPOOL QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL.—

At a meeting of the Executive and General Committees of the above, held on Thursday, March 7th, the model designed and submitted by Professor F. M. Simpson and Messrs. Willink and Thicknesse, architects, and Mr. Charles J. Allen, sculptor, was unanimously accepted. One of the accompanying photographs shows the larger design, which was intended to cover the whole of the site—an exceedingly difficult one to fill satisfactorily—and the other is of the accepted design. The total height to the top of the figure of Victory will be 56 feet. The figure of the Queen will be nearly 14 feet high. These figures,



NEW STAIRCASE BAY TO DRAPERS' HALL,
THROGMORTON AVENUE, LONDON.
T. G. JACKSON, R.A., ARCHITECT.

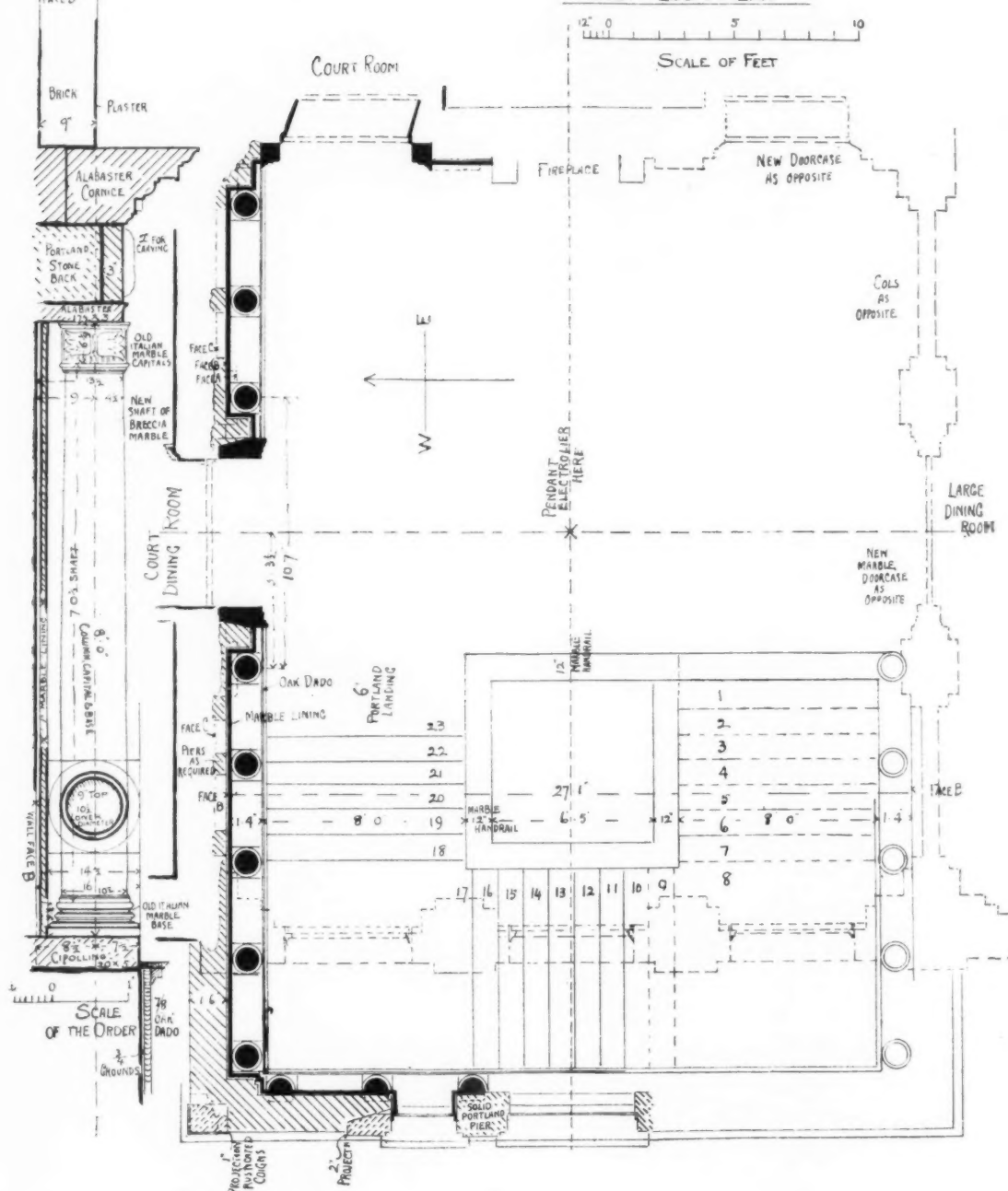
Photo : E. Dockree.



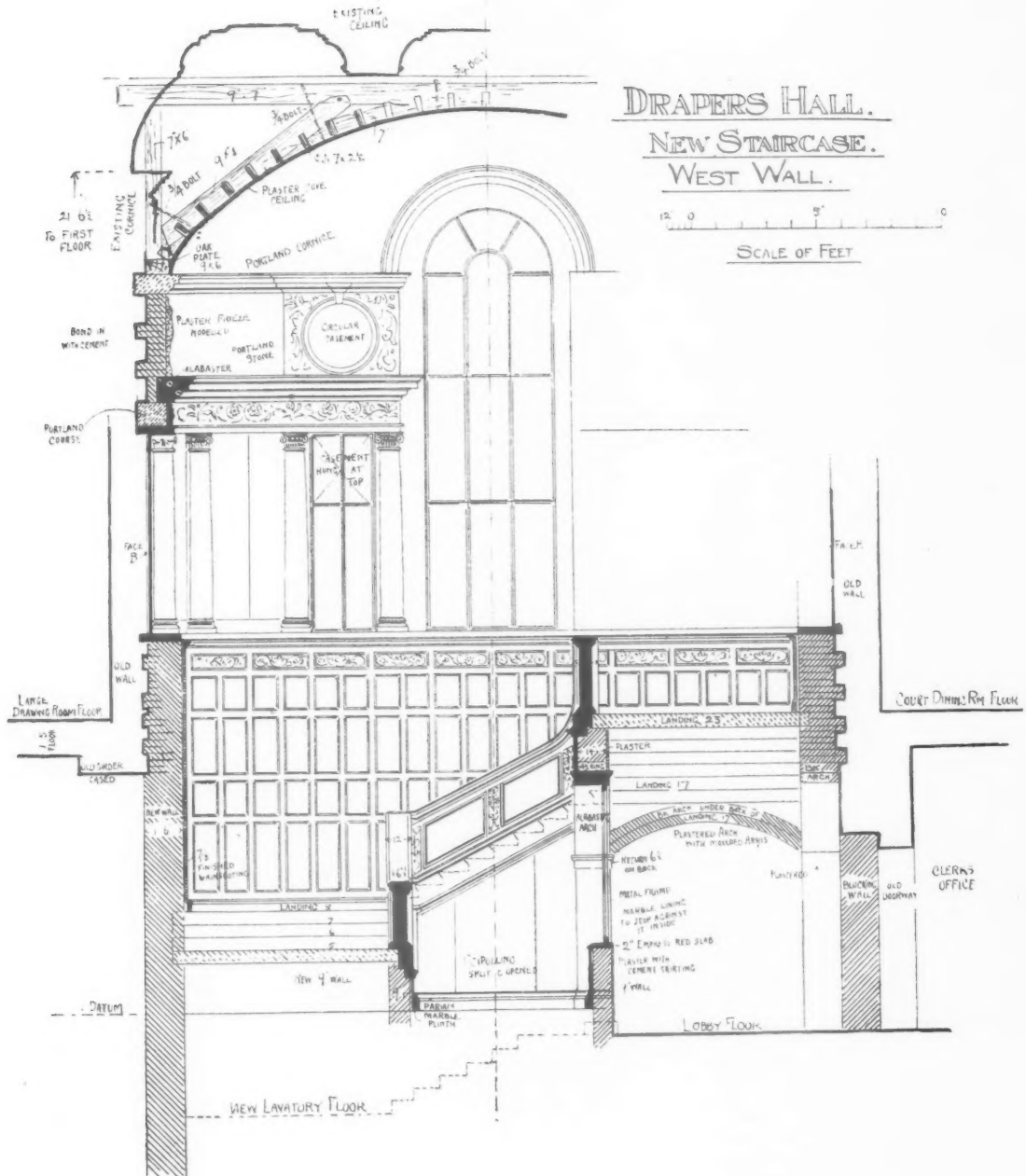
NEW ENTRANCE DOORWAY TO THE DRAPERS' HALL,
THROGMORTON STREET, LONDON.
T. G. JACKSON, R.A., ARCHITECT.

Photo: E. Dockree

DRAPERS HALL
NEW STAIRCASE
FIRST FLOOR PLAN



DRAPERS HALL.
NEW STAIRCASE.
WEST WALL.



*Photo. E. Dockree.*

THE NEW STAIRCASE FOR THE DRAPERS' HALL.
FROM THE FIRST LANDING.
T. G. JACKSON, R.A., ARCHITECT.

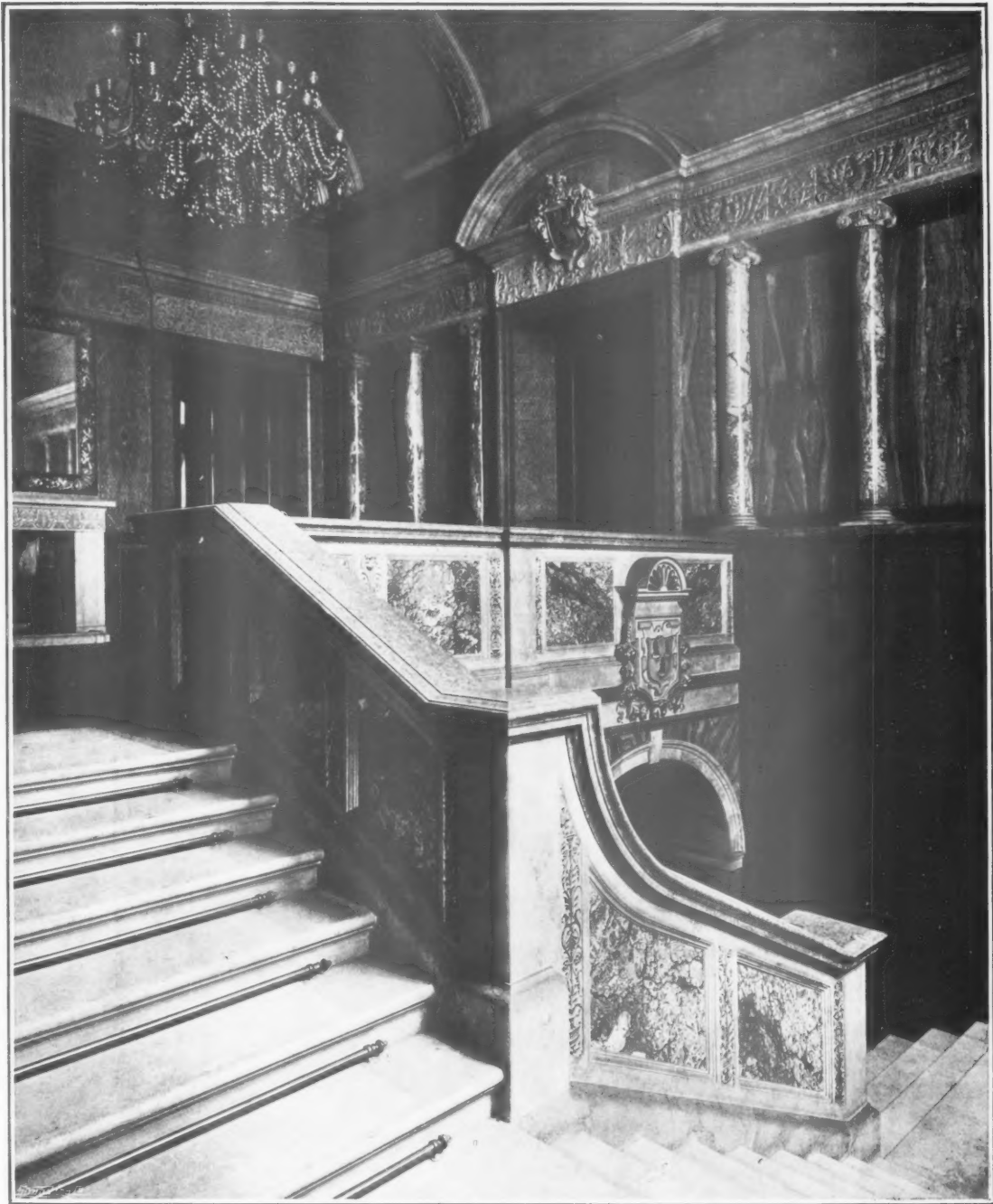
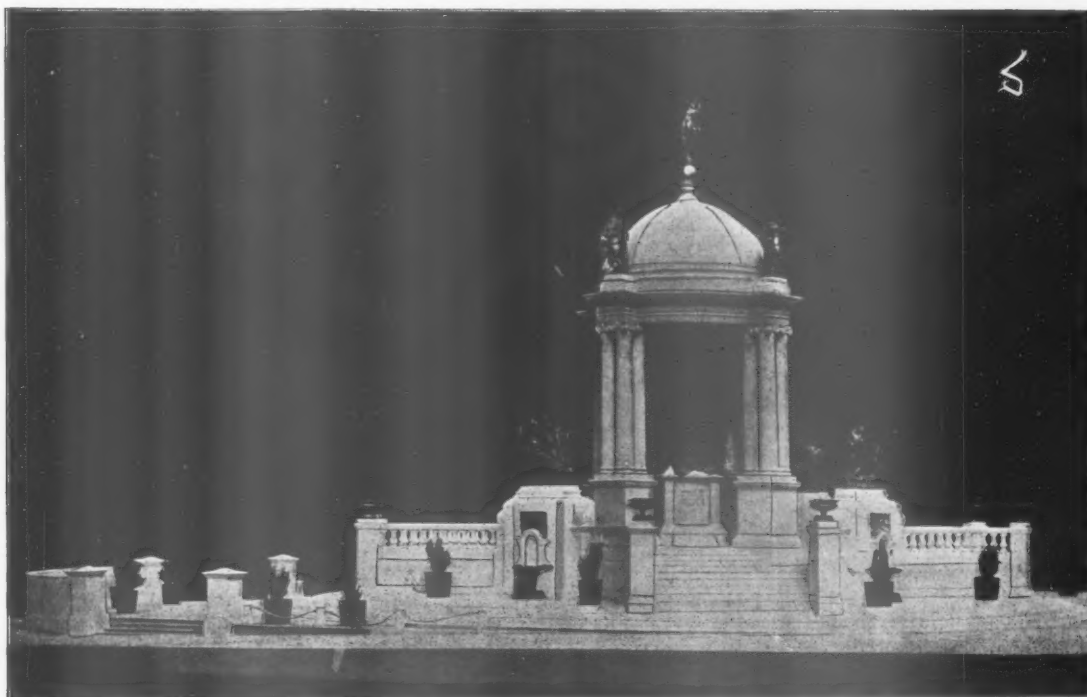


Photo : E. Dockree.

THE NEW STAIRCASE FOR THE DRAPERS' HALL.
FROM THE SECOND LANDING.
T. G. JACKSON, R.A., ARCHITECT.



THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL, LIVERPOOL. MODEL OF THE SELECTED DESIGN. PROFESSOR F. M. SIMPSON AND WILLINK AND THICKNESSE, ARCHITECTS. CHARLES J. ALLEN, SCULPTOR.



ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL, LIVERPOOL, SHOWING THE TREATMENT OF THE SITE. PROFESSOR F. M. SIMPSON AND WILLINK AND THICKNESSE, ARCHITECTS; CHARLES J. ALLEN, SCULPTOR.

and the four surrounding groups, which represent Justice, Charity, Knowledge, and Peace, are to be in bronze. Portland stone will be used for the rest of the monument, and the inner dome will be of gold mosaic. The memorial is to be placed on the most historic and central site in Liverpool, now called Derby Square, where the old Castle formerly stood. It will thus be equidistant from the Town Hall and the Custom House, and good views of it will be obtainable from the surrounding streets.

BOOK REVIEWS.

B RUNELLESCHI.

"Filippo di ser Brunellesco." By Leader Scott. "The Great Masters" Series. Price 5s. nett. London: George Bell & Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

THE two dead tongues and the five dead orders were by no means the only things that took second birth at the Renaissance. For us men of building a most significant portent was the reappearance of the architect. For a millennium or so the word architect must have lain folded up like some unworn garment, till little Brunelleschi came and more than filled its shrunken folds.

The dome at Florence is, if you will have it, the cradle of the modern architect. Brunelleschi's long struggle for artistic independence with the *maestranze* of the city was not, as might be supposed, the mere prototype of the modern conflicts between genius and authority; it was more than this—nothing less, in fact, than the death agony of mediævalism. The corporate builder of the middle ages was going down before the personal designer who has been supreme for five hundred years since. Whether the individual architect did well to reappear is, it seems, a debated point among some contemporary philosophers. It has been reserved for our own age to raise a doubt upon this point. Our fathers, in the Gothic revival, knew no misgivings on the propriety of individualism in architecture; they lifted up no protest against what we might call monarchic art. It is the men of to-day who have begun to question whether a building should not be produced by a kind of oligarchy of designers and workers, or even by a democracy. Some, but these are cowardly folk, vote for constitutional monarchy; and no doubt the way of safety and success lies in a kind of consultative despotism which is quite another affair.

But about Brunelleschi. Here is a life of him by Leader Scott, included somewhat obliquely, but none the less acceptably, among the "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture." Brunelleschi, to be sure, was a sculptor, for the stories of the Baptistry doors and of Donatello's crucifix are among the nursery

tales of art; but it is not as a sculptor that he has laid claim to the world's homage.

To be frank, one should explain at once that this life is what is called a popular handbook. It is not written for architects nor by an architect; and perhaps, therefore, it would be unjust, as well as unkind, to subject it to technical criticism. Shall it suffice to point out, for the benefit of further editions, that Brunelleschi's significant use of the fragmentary entablature in the churches of San Lorenzo and Santo Spirito should not be obscured by misnaming the feature, in each case, "a stilted *abacus*"; that the supposed function of the *catena*, given on page 66, is impossible; and that the expression, "pretty columnar chamfering at the angle" (page 58), is unpardonable? It might also be borne in mind that the holes made for the *ulivella*, "a species of grappling iron," are quite familiar to modern masons under the name of lewis-holes, and further there would be a gain to the volume in the suppression of the peroration of which the passage quoted below is the climax.* These things are not said by way of complaint; there is no particular reason why general writers for general readers should know or care about these matters; but it is certainly well for authors to remember that some people take as the official truth whatever they find in print. There is one more grievance for the technical reader. The illustration (plate xxiv.) which is stated to be a representation of Brunelleschi's original design for the façade of the church of Santo Spirito, simply must, if internal evidence be worth anything, be at least two centuries later than Brunelleschi.

After all there is a good deal beside technical building craft in the life of a man like Brunelleschi, and Leader Scott has performed the task of biographer with perseverance and ability. Not only are the facts of his career clearly and carefully chronicled, but the nature of the architect's strife with his fellow-workers is seen by the author in its right light. The importance in the history of Art of this turning-point between co-operative and individual production is here fully recognised and emphasised, and if the book fails in appreciating the gist of the Renaissance, it is certain that the same charge can be laid against a large section even of artistic mankind. It is, indeed, no easy matter to explain to a person who is neither a Humanist nor an architect, what the Renaissance "was all about."

Possibly there is a black day in store for the world, in which there shall be no one left who can see the products of that really glorious age with an eye of sympathy; for, though the earth gets fuller every year of architects, the Humanists, under pressure of "education," are a dying race.

PAUL WATERHOUSE.

* "He so loved the pure arch that he never mingled it with other architectural forms; if he made his windows with pediments, the pediment stood alone, dedicated to its right use of supporting the weight above an opening, but never did he mix it with his arches."

PIRANESI.

"Roman Architecture, Sculpture, and Ornament," selected examples from Piranesi's monumental work. Edited by William Young, F.R.I.B.A. Price £5 5s. London: E. & F. N. Spon, 125, Strand, W.C.

PIRANESI'S genius was of the rare, not-to-be-denied kind that, starting from an unpromising base, and taking in by the way none of the matter that might make the appeal more easy, because from broader and more ordinary sources, reaches the top-most heights of imagination on its own bare, tremendous terms. The kind of artistic-commercial demand that determined his productions may be gathered from documents like the Letters of James Barry. Rome was the resort of travelling lords and gentlemen who took a polite interest in antiquity. To each of these attached himself an "antiquary," a kind of connoisseur-courier who, in league with the dealers, urged objects, sometimes of dubious value, on the notice of their patrons. Into this traffic the needle of Piranesi was sometimes pressed, and strange agglomerations are the result. But he struck out, on the nobler side of this industry, his series of views of the architectural antiquities of Rome. These, the locally predecessors of the photographic views we buy to-day, prove the colossal order of the man's mind. Clean against every *a priori* rule of the scale natural to effects depending on an etched line, they are monuments of far-seeing, tenacious, and triumphant design. From these views and restorations there is a transition through various compositions based upon them to the "Prison" designs, in which all of massive, immense, dark and cruel that Roman excavations had suggested to his mind was moulded into an overwhelming nightmare. These designs and a possible influence from them on actual prison-building have been too recently the subject of notice in the ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW to need further dwelling upon; but it may be interesting to recall the passage in which De Quincey weaves a fantasia on Coleridge's description of them:—

"Many years ago when I was looking over Piranesi's *Antiquities of Rome*, Coleridge, then standing by, described to me a set of plates from that artist, called his 'Dreams,' and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever. Some of these (I describe only from memory of Coleridge's account) represented vast Gothic halls, on the floor of which stood mighty engines and machinery, wheels, cables, catapults, etc., expressive of enormous power put forth, or resistance overcome. Creeping along the side of the walls you perceived a staircase, and upon this, groping his way upwards, was Piranesi himself. Follow the stairs a little farther, and you perceive them reaching an abrupt termination, without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who should reach the extremity, except into the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi at least you suppose that his labours must now in some way terminate. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of stairs, still higher, on which again Piranesi is perceived, by this time standing on the very brink of the abyss. Once again elevate your eyes, and a still more aerial flight of stairs is descried; and there, again, is the delirious Piranesi, busy on his aspiring labours; and so on, until the unfinished stairs and the hopeless Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall. With the same power of endless growth and self-reproduction did my architecture proceed in dreams."

The "Prisons," we believe, are still to be had printed from the original plates for a guinea or two; and recently Mr. Oldmeadow has had them reproduced for the Unicorn Press. It is a different matter if one wishes to have the whole body of work by Piranesi and his assistants, the twenty-two folios costing about £100. Messrs. Spon determined therefore to bring out a selection of 200 plates, and entrusted the choice to the late Mr. William Young. His selection, made expressly for students of Roman and Renaissance architecture, omits the "Prisons"; nor is any of the series of smaller views given. Among the buildings are included the Forum, Pantheon, temples of Vesta and of the Sibyl, the bridge and mausoleum of Hadrian, Basilicas of St. Paul without the walls, of St. John Lateran, and S. Maria Maggiore, and the church of St. Peter.

The Palaces on the Quirinal, the Barberini, and Odescalchi, the Castelli of Acqua Paola and Acqua Felice, and Fountain of Trevi are also given, so it will be seen that the range includes late as well as early. Those fine plates the "Dogana di Terra," and "Curia Innocenziana" are in the list, and various general views, such as that of the Capitol. There is an ample selection of plates of details, vases and so forth. Some of Piranesi's own compositions are included, for example the remarkable design (Pl. LXIX.) of a floor on different levels about a rotunda, with its play of steps and columns. Some of the inclusions might be criticised; it would have been better for the architectural student to have one or two of the "Prison" plates instead of certain detail pieces; and Mr. Young has taken his editorial labours lightly in lumping the work of father and son under one name. All the same the book is a rich storehouse, a handsome volume of comparatively manageable size and weight, though still formidably heavy, and the plates are as near facsimile as lithography can render etchings.

EARLY RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

"Early English Renaissance Architecture in England." By J. Alfred Gotch, F.S.A. Price 21s. nett. B. T. Batsford, 94, High Holborn, W.C.

THE author explains in a preface that this book is not a condensed version of his former work, "The Architecture of the Renaissance in England," nor is it a competitor in regard to its purpose or get-up; "the former book exhibits a series of examples, to a large scale, of Elizabethan and Jacobean buildings, with a brief account of each: whereas this one takes the form of a handbook, in which the endeavour is made to trace in a systematic manner the development of style from the close of the Gothic period down to the advent of Inigo Jones." In between E. S. Prior's "Gothic Architecture" and R. T. Blomfield's "History of Renaissance Architecture," there is a gap which this book designs to fill. Moreover, by calling itself the "Early" Renaissance, it differentiates itself from the "Later" ditto of Messrs. Belcher and Macartney.

The book is profusely illustrated both by plates and by process blocks in the text, and it is due, I suppose, to the presence of the latter that the book is of surprising and inordinate weight. Without being a large or thick book, it nevertheless only just turns the scale at four pounds. Nor are the illustrations, though well chosen, well executed; they suffer from too much reduction; the bulk of them are far from clear, and fail in consequence to illustrate the particulars they have to show. The truth is, it should have been a larger book. Such plates as x. and xvii. (to pick at random) are quite spoilt by the excessive reduction; the writing on the plans (such as the one of Kirby for instance, plate xviii.) is rendered illegible. The full beauty of the drawing, as well as the design, of the "White Hart" sign (on page 214) has to be enjoyed by aid of the magnifying glass. Nor is the book well bound; in fact, too much effort has been made, at the expense in the end of useful qualities, to bring it within reach of the student's purse; and yet the book should appeal more to the amateur of architecture than the architectural student. In plan the book is well arranged; the period under review is treated first in generals, followed by the enumeration and classification of the particulars clearly and ably set forth. What Mr. Gotch writes is always interesting to read and easy to understand, and, so far as I can discover, accurate in the facts. I would call his attention, however, to the plan of Montacute (page 65) whereon the points of the compass are wrongly marked, the garden front looks east, not west; and to page 134, where Beaumont and Fletcher's play of the "Two Noble Kinsmen" is miscalled. But these be small slips. I am tempted occasionally to dispute his verdicts as to the beauty, &c., of the features he writes about, but chiefly I cavil against the naming of this period under examination as the "Early Renaissance." Possibly this title has become inevitable—certainly it is misleading. This was no "renaissance"—these fluttering hues of the dying Dolphin. The renaissance came with Inigo Jones and the men who followed him, and strictly speaking, the new growth was in the nature of a graft upon the stock of Gothic architecture and craftsmanship, not a new birth with roots of its own. The sixteenth century found England, much as three hundred years later the past century repeated the experience, in a state of great expansion. Old beliefs, old traditions, old methods, were being found insufficient and inappropriate to the larger liberty that everyone was beginning to enjoy. Under Henry VII. the red rose had coalesced with the white, and the days of civil warfare, seemingly, were over. The house had no longer to be a castle as well as a home: the only violence it had to shelter its inmates from was the fury of the elements; life and death, and worse than death, did not depend now on the excellence of its plan, the accuracy of its masonry, the solidity of its walls, the resources of its fortifications. Building freed from these grim penalties could go on with an easier air, but what the builder gained by the freedom from this restraint he lost in want of motive power. The object of the building was not so obvious. If his employer wanted

a little touch of Italian art here, or German trimmings there, he could have them. 'Twas all one to the craftsman—the employer discharged the reckoning and so could call the tune. The actual sense of these changes, these architectural redundancies, was not apparent to him. His employer had withdrawn himself from public gaze, he no longer dined in the Hall in company with every one who could contrive to get a seat at his board; how he lived and what were his wants, the builder could only learn by hearsay and from instructions given; it was another world to him, and not a comprehensible one either. The system under which he had grown up and learnt his craft was changing, and it is in this state of flux we see him in the sixteenth century. The Gothic spirit is gone, but the vigour and skill that it created were there, though in specialized and attenuated states. What had previously been nervous, firm, vigorous, but self-restrained growth, had now become tangled, luxuriant, encumbered with sappy undergrowths, and the plant generally was perishing for want of light and air. The Renaissance in the seventeenth century came, lopped off its head, pruned back its branches, cleared out the undergrowth, forked over the soil, and taught it to grow as a formal tree instead of a wild one, grafting upon it various slips of foreign import, and always disbudbing and checking any sprouts that seemed to hark back to the original growth. Under this treatment it died, but its doom had been sealed in the period treated by Mr. Gotch in his book, and the "rinascimento" no doubt did much, by its drastic handling, to delay the end. It gave it direction—the quality of scholarship—taught it to become an item in the general entourage, and, unfortunately, learnt it to be self-conscious. Mr. Gotch, in referring to that characteristic feature of Elizabethan houses, the Long Gallery, suggests that these rooms may have been built for exercise, but declares himself unable to pronounce definitely as to their use. Surely there need be no doubt on the matter. The long galleries were used for indoor exercise, and were made as long as possible for that purpose, and in some cases, such as Montacute and Moreton Old Hall, for instance, the gallery was "longer than the house itself." In that less hurried age, walking in the garden and on wet days pacing up and down the gallery was more practised than it is now. Bacon's description of the house and garden makes this clear. If a man now-a-days is so fortunate as to possess a garden, a kind of conscience prevents his using it leisurely, the hour has been misspent if it has not been exploded in some lawn-tennis tournament or other violent contest, and by the time the heats of youth are over and he stiffens into age, instead of walking about his garden, he is driven at the tail of a horse, or wanders on wet days round the margin of a billiard table. It may be that the bicycle will take the place of "the great horse"—the billiard room has superseded the long gallery.

The last two chapters of the book deal with the collection of John Thorpe's drawings in the Soane Museum, and with the "architectural designers of the

sixteenth century." Mr. Gotch and Mr. Blomfield hold different views as to the "status" of John Thorpe; and the former having given his views in the *ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW* of February, 1899, as against the description of him in Mr. Blomfield's book, refrains from reopening the controversy here. However, on the last page he fires off a parting shot, "enough is known to place him in a high rank as a designer"—a very Parthian sentence! and hardly consistent with his attitude in the penultimate chapter.

It was an interesting period, this, of the advance of "the humanities" upon Gothic art—but, as regards architecture, the capture was not yet. Architecture pursued its own courses still—hanging out a few showy compliances to the spirit of the times, but these concessions were matters of detail, not essentials, withdrawn or allowed to scale off, for the most part, when the stress was over; and to this day in the nooks and recesses of our unexplored backwaters of England, Gothic architecture is still pursuing its quiet course, unobservant and unobserved of fashion, dealing with the local problems in its homely way, unregenerate in its indifference to the Renaissance that has been going on around it. Although I kick at the physical properties of this book and regret an opportunity, as I think, curtailed, I cannot but bear willing testimony to the thoroughness and ability which Mr. Gotch has shown in his "arraignment" of the architecture of the sixteenth century.

HALSEY RICARDO.

LATER RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND. PART VI.

"Later Renaissance Architecture in England." Part VI. By John Belcher, A.R.A., and Mervyn E. Macartney. B. T. Batsford, 94, High Holborn, London.

THIS, the final part of the series of examples of the Later Renaissance, contains, as a compensation to the subscribers for their patience at the delay in its issue, 14 more plates than were promised in the original programme, so that the total amounts now to 170; and besides it includes the text, with 153 further illustrations in the letterpress, so that the collection now that it is finished, is a goodly one. The text gives a brief description of the subjects illustrated, is rich in explanatory details, shows many interesting ground plans, and is consequently a very useful addition to the series of plates. The authors maintain a judicial composure in their estimate of the examples they have chosen, shifting the laurel occasionally from one dead architect's head to another, recalling some names that posterity has allowed to lapse, and affixing a perhaps somewhat indulgent verdict to the whole empanelled collection. They have used great liberality in their choice; their examples show the many varied opportunities taken by the style to express itself—a lead cistern, a sundial, a baluster, or a door-head is subpoenaed to give evidence, and is heard with minute attention. We seem to be attending an exhaustive

post-mortem of Art, with the suspicion in our minds that we may not, perchance, be mentioned in her will, or be entitled to any share in her legacy, with the still graver doubt further that Art had spent what Art had earned, and there was next to nothing to come to the residuary legatees beyond her personal effects. So far as I can judge, the evidence seems truly given: in the case of her dealings with Blandford, on page 63, it is rather obscure. The town of Blandford may have been destroyed by fire in the fifteenth century, for aught I know; it got a good deal singed in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and early part of the eighteenth centuries—but the really serious fire, when nearly the whole town was burnt, took place in 1731—and it was upon those ashes that the brothers Bastard raised the present town. Blandford looks to-day upon the pleasant water meads and wooded eminences from out the full-bottomed wig of George II., with scarcely a patch displaced, or a curl out of buckle.

A chance ill-chosen preposition stayed me on page 39, where "the Ionic caps" are described as "a variation of Wren's favourite Tuscan-Doric." "From" would run easier. Did Wren have favourites? My own impression is that he was largely indifferent to detail—that he liked to see his carvers happy and busied; and so, if the funds would allow, they were encouraged to foliate their stone into the sprouting intricacies of the Corinthian and Composite orders, in much the same way as a farmer views the cowslips in his fields. They do no particular harm, and there are many people who—though they are not farmers, and have not to view the herbage as so much hay crop, one wishes to keep well with—consider the flowers as an added attraction to the meadows.

I was turning over the 40 plates which make up this final number, when I became conscious of a person beside me whom, though I knew him well enough by sight, I had never actually met before—the ingenious Mr. Inigo Jones. He took the plates from me in a kind of contemptuous curiosity, dealt them out rapidly as one would a deficient pack of cards, and then went off into a peal of laughter. I felt quite out of touch with the situation, and waited till he should say something that might explain his attitude. "What spite," said he. "Why, lean bald-rib Macilente could not have been more malicious; nay, 'sprecious, not so much. What have the poor stones, or their owners, done, that you pillory them in this miserable guise, and for how long! Does not your charity enforce you to take down the offending buildings, and let them recover again the peace they found in the quarry? How long have they stood earless on high, their noses slit, their cheeks branded? Who are the virtuous judges that have condemned them to this humiliating exhibition?" "Tumble these masterpieces of Art and of your age into ruin," I gasped. "Why, they are far too few for us already; we could not possibly afford to lose a single specimen." "Oh, if you are too poor," said he, "that——" "Nay, mistake me not," I rejoined. "We are the richest nation on this globe. We have wealth greater than was ever allotted

to persons of your day, and much more widely diffused. The mob of us have an ease of living unknown and unconceivable in your times. Our poor have comforts and conveniences now that your nobles could not purchase; have facilities for work beyond what your engineers dared promise for their projects; have receipts for health that would contend with your elixir vitæ; can wield a magic of steam and electricity that would stupefy your alchemist, and outstrip his sublimations; our hands are on the great forces of the world; we can traverse the globe in a breath, in a flash; we can command the elements, and make them serve us; we have breathed life into the dead sinews that underly the earth, and they work for us unresting and untired." "If then you be such mighty men and with such dark help to aid you—how is it you do not discard these outworn hulls, why do you let them still claw the ground like a canker?" "Why," I exclaimed, "what better could we do?" A gust of laughter shook him. "Oh, you do wrong to laugh," I said. "You assume that were these relics to be swept away, you could tomorrow build others as good, or better, than they. But it is not so. We know that we cannot now reproduce any such building, and our painful knowledge compels us to take the utmost care of what we have got. We guard these shrines as our treasure houses; they are occupied, the most important of them, by persons of taste, by connoisseurs who are willing to make sacrifices—provided they are not too exorbitant—rather than rebuild them to suit modern requirements; they are so much appreciated that your virtuoso, and your new-made rich man, is on the look-out to acquire an old and historical building, rather than house himself in one that has been specially built for him, and the generous display of his house becomes the pride of his retirement. To occupy a house that has been designed by you is at once a distinction in itself." "Slud!" he shouted, picking up a photograph from off the floor, "you call this, villain, a respectful treatment of my handiwork? 'Tis none of mine, neither, but by that chumpchine John—this, this, to do honour to my design—this, this, to conserve and perpetuate my creation—what? i' God's name, do you profess yourselves serious? What mad humour's this! Look yourself at the way you've treated my building! Were Tollemache, say, to come to me and to tell me, in proof of his devotion, how he had treated his mistress and pictured her to me, as you have this, I would, out of the honour I owe to the nymphs of Cynthia's court, strike him dead even in the presence. Hear his presentment: 'My Julia growing old, I in respectful passion at her decay, and in dutiful attempt to preserve those charms that won her troops of servants at the Court and meshed my heart within her dazzling skein did . . . I cannot make him openly relate . . . struck off an ear, for fear 'should mortify affixed a goitre to her throat, for more accommodation to the passages and ducts, there plucked out the hairs, now growing few, and tired her with a wig, a thin lank wig—her formal ruff cut clear away, and the wildness of

her robes huddled artlessly and buckled close to the chin. And in final misprision of her modelled beauty was she bathed in the horsepond, that her face and limbs might come out disfigured and entangled with duckweed and the clinging greenery of the pool. Her eyes—that once were the jewels of her face, darting the bright sunbeams of her pleasure, have been plucked out, and dead orbs, with cataracts upon them, have been placed in the lidded sockets. And this he tells me is done in courtesy: the lover's devoir to his mistress! And I to believe this, I?" There was a snort here of derision beyond my art of mitigation, and I was silent out of sheer paralysis. The truth of my description of the situation must have come in some measure home to him, for he turned abruptly and "I did not come back to see the exhaustion of my Art," he said, "I leave you to your battered whelks and hermit crabs," and with that he was gone. I breathed more easily. There was an opulence of ability about him, and a spring of heart, of which I had no counterpart and with which I could not contend. The scattered photographs were collected and replaced in their numbered order, and I sat down again to reflect on his phrase "the exhaustion of Art." Are the "Arts," as we know them, exhausted? It would seem so. Look at these six volumes of examples—to take the case of architecture only—what are they but a history of decadence. The spring that gushed first full and flowing in the days of King James, spreads out into many rills, each getting shallower, less masterful, more languid. Like irrigation in a thirsty land, the supply in time gets scarce and has to be husbanded in careful channels, regulated and fenced in by the sluice gates and confines of scholarship till at last the roots they were sent to invigorate perish from the filtered refinement of the inadequate supply. As each architect gets farther and farther away from the craftsman, the stiffer and more *jejune* becomes his work. We cannot rank Chambers as an equal of Gibb, nor compare Gibb with Wren—nor hold Wren as so much of a poet as Inigo Jones. The quantity and magnitude of Wren's work, contrasted with the paucity of Jones', makes comparison a difficulty, and in truth the interval between Jones and Wren is in the history—not the annals—of architecture but a small one. The fact is the Renaissance was a graft, not an independent growth with roots of its own. It was a graft upon the decaying stock of the crafts guilds, and for a time the new enthusiasm put a fresh vigour into its frame. So far as England was concerned, this stock had come into being in the eleventh century, had blazed up to its full height in the thirteenth, and for three centuries more its loss of power had been so gradual, whilst its increase in complexity of growth and perfection of blossom more than masked the decline of vigour, that at no given moment, probably, would an observer have said that here was any sign of failing, any ebb in the tide of inspiration. But, due to the expansion of England under Tudor rule, new ideals not evolved from the customary handling of the materials, nor developed from the aims and sympathies of the

workers themselves, were imported from abroad. In the robust days of Art, the crafts would have rejected these exotics, or assimilated them; but now, from want of conviction, they played with them. One day the outgrowths were Italian, another day German, another they smacked strongly of the Low Countries. For these vagaries, the craftsmen looked for authorities, and the artist crossed the seas to constitute himself one. From this time onward, the worker became a tool. The process was a gradual one. When Inigo Jones arrived on the scene, he found a body of craftsmen, splendidly trained, heirs and in possession of that funded experience called tradition; whatsoever plan he might devise, they could play up to him. Men like the Grumbolds of Cambridge represent, not unfairly, what excellent talent there was in the trade. But such talent, though it died hard and took a long time in the dying, still in the end did die, and when the Gothic Renaissance appeared it found no orchestra capable of executing the revived music. The players who called themselves musicians had by this time become barrel organists, and there is no development possible from music thus produced, in grinder or instrument, except refinement and accuracy. The instrument can be improved to present finer shades of *tempo*, more brilliant articulation in the florid passages and so forth, and the man at the handle can turn with more metronomic delicacy—but the show is a mockery, the music a weariness, the man himself no real musician; like Macbeth we sigh for those times "that, when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end."

An end, that is, of that particular wave of Art—for as long as there are human beings on this globe, so long will there be Art too. But in the world's history the arts are epocal—they shoot up to a surprising brilliancy and then pale away into their normal twilight. At each rejuvenation of the world, there comes a rushing flood tide of Art. Hellas sets its teeth, defies the whole eastern world—that much greater world than any other that it knows—and faces its utmost illimitable worst alone. The Greek Art that followed on the welding of this indomitable audacity and confidence, stands without a conqueror. The Romans, after their nightmare tussle with Hannibal found themselves an actual, much-to-be-considered nation, compacted into a fighting engine with a formidable quantity of strike in it, and into other forms of engines and engineering. In the middle ages Europe of to-day was born. Sixteenth century England spoke through Elizabeth when she "thought foul scorn that Parma or Spain or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms," and rode out in its cock-boats to meet the Armada, the despotism that lay behind it and the Scarlet Women on the Seven Hills. Such events are truly called baptisms. A new spirit was breathed into Art, and it is the evidences of this spirit that Messrs. Belcher and Macartney have set themselves to collect in the six volumes of their "Later Renaissance."

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